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"The British Grenadier."



# SALLY WISTER'S JOURNAL

## *A True Narrative*

BEING A QUAKER MAIDEN'S ACCOUNT  
OF HER EXPERIENCES WITH OFFICERS  
OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY, 1777-1778

EDITED BY  
ALBERT COOK MYERS



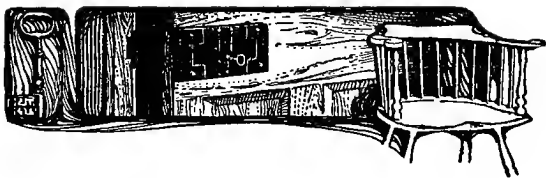
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## INTRODUCTION

ON the 25th day of September, 1777, just two weeks after the Battle of the Brandywine, the British Army entered Germantown. On the same day, and but a few miles distant from the place, Sally Wister, a bright and charming Quaker girl, sixteen years of age, began to "keep a sort of journal" of her observations and experiences.

She was a daughter of Daniel Wister, a prosperous merchant of Philadelphia, and was at this time living with her family in the retired farm house of the widow Hannah Foulke, on the Wissahickon, among the hills of Gwynedd, or North Wales, some fifteen miles away from the storm and stress of those anxious and exciting days in the war-blighted city. Here she stayed until the following July, when, the British having left Philadelphia, she, with the other members of the family, returned to their home in the city. During all this time the Journal was kept up, and occasional entries

made, growing frequent and detailed as interesting events crowded one upon another, or brief and infrequent when "a dull round of the same thing over again" made her declare, "I shall hang up my pen until something offers worth relating."

The Journal is addressed by its author to an intimate school friend, Deborah Norris, a descendant of notable colonial ancestry, and destined to become notable herself in after years. Deborah Norris lived with her widowed mother in the Norris mansion adjoining the State House in Philadelphia, and she was fully as intelligent and vivacious as our journalist. The young friends apparently had kept up a frequent correspondence until the British occupation of the city; then communication being practically broken off, Sally's confidences to Deborah took the form of a journal. In the opening lines she says:

"Tho' I have not the least shadow of an opportunity to send a letter, if I do write, I will keep  
"a sort of journal of the time that may expire before  
"I see thee: the perusal of it may some time hence  
"give pleasure in a solitary hour . . ."

Curiously enough, it seems that this interesting chronicle did not reach the eye for which it was intended until long years after the writer's death; then





Deborah Logan  
"Debby Norris"

it was loaned by Mr. Charles J. Wister, her brother, to her old friend, who had then become Mrs. George Logan, the elegant and cultured mistress of Stenton. In returning the manuscript to Mr. Wister, Mrs. Logan wrote :

“ D. Logan presents her best respects to her friend  
“ C. J. Wister, and feels herself at a loss for adequate  
“ expressions when she would return him thanks for  
“ the trouble he has taken to oblige her, but which she  
“ gratefully acknowledges.

“ D: L: returns the manuscript which he kindly  
“ lent her some time ago, and which has, together  
“ with the memory of the beloved writer, brought  
“ vividly to her mind days long since past ; and if,  
“ (as she has since thought might have been the case)  
“ he meant to have given her her own Letter which  
“ he then put into her hands, she would be much  
“ obliged to him to destroy it. . . .

“ *Stenton, May 24th, [18]30.*”<sup>1</sup>

The Journal is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and valuable that has come down to us. Its

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<sup>1</sup> Original letter in collection of Mr. Charles J. Wister, Jr., of Germantown. Mrs. Logan possibly first learned of the Journal from her friend and fellow-worker in history, John F. Watson, either personally or from his printed work, “The Annals of Philadelphia,” published in 1830, which contains brief extracts from the Journal.

faithful and clever descriptions of persons and events, its quaint moralizings, its naïve confessions of likes and dislikes, its roguishness and genial good humor, and withal its dramatic spirit make it an extremely interesting human document. It conveys a pleasing impression of the life of a young girl and lends a vividness and a reality to the characters and incidents of the time that more formal records fail to supply. It thus assumes a positive value as a historical picture of social conditions in the midst of some of the most important scenes of the Revolutionary struggle.

In the nine months which the Journal covers occurred the British capture of Philadelphia, the Battle of Germantown, the surrender of Burgoyne, the skirmishes before Washington's intrenchments at White-marsh, the winter encampment at Valley Forge, the Conway Cabal against Washington, the acknowledgment of American Independence by France, and the Mischianza and the other gaieties of the British in Philadelphia. "But a little distance away from the hills of Gwynedd," says Mr. Howard M. Jenkins, the historian of Gwynedd, "the greatest actors in the Revolutionary drama were playing their parts,—Washington, Greene, Lafayette, Wayne, Steuben, Kalb, and all the distinguished list."



To the Foulke mansion come General Smallwood, commander of the Maryland troops, Colonel Wood, of Virginia, Major Ogden, of New Jersey — three future governors of their respective States — and many other important figures of this crucial period in the Nation's history. Generals, colonels, majors, captains, resplendent in red and buff and blue, and glittering in sashes, swords and epaulets, pass and repass before the unaccustomed and dazzled eyes of the Quaker maiden, and are quaintly portrayed in her pages.

Sally Wister was born July 20, 1761, in an old house belonging to her grandfather Wister, at what is now 325 Market Street, Philadelphia. She had an interesting and distinguished ancestry. Her father was of pure German, and her mother of pure Welsh descent.

Her grandfather John Wister (1708 — 1789) was a Palatine, a native of the village of Hilsbach in Baden, seventeen miles southeast of Heidelberg. He was a son of Hans Caspar Wüster (1671 — 1726), of Hilsbach, *Jäger* in the service of the Elector Palatine ;<sup>1</sup>

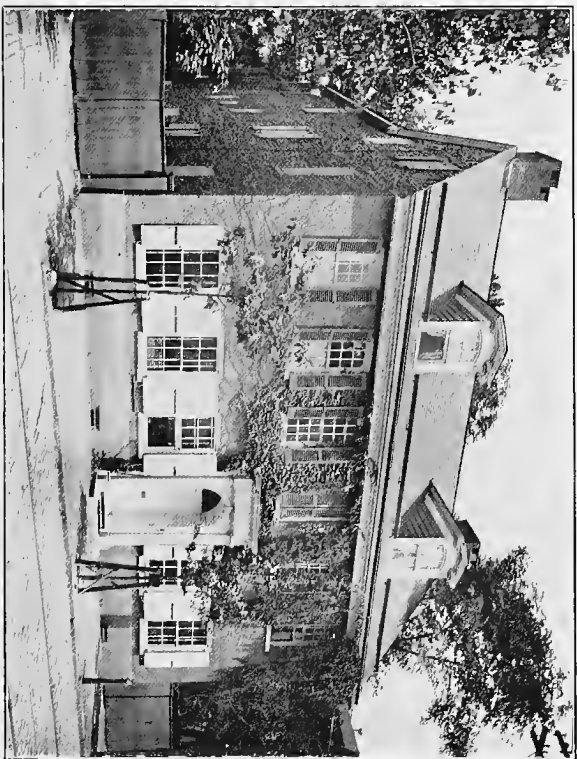
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<sup>1</sup> "Herr Hans Caspar Wüster, Churpfälzischer Jäger zu Hilsbach."

In 1727, shortly after the death of his father, John Wister, then a youth of nineteen, set out for Pennsylvania to join his brother Caspar, who had emigrated ten years previously. After a voyage of four months he arrived at Philadelphia in September of that year.

He entered upon the business of a wine merchant, and in the course of a few years amassed a considerable fortune, a large part of which he invested in real estate. In 1731 he purchased the property on what is now Market Street, where he made his home for many years; and it was here that his granddaughter Sally was born.

As years went by he purchased large tracts of land in Germantown, and in 1744, on one of these, bordering on Main Street, he erected a comfortable and spacious mansion, which he used as a summer home. Ample grounds extended to the east of the house in a large tract of field and woodland, a portion of which, still owned by the Wister family, has been known for more than a century as Wister's Woods. The old mansion, which is located on Germantown Avenue near Queen Lane, has descended to a great-grandson, its present occupant, Charles J. Wister, Esquire, and is one of the cherished landmarks of Germantown.



Wister Mansion, Germantown, 1902

The summer home of Sally Wister



John Wister<sup>1</sup> married, as his second wife, Anna Catharine Rubenkam (1709-1770), a native of the city of Wanfried in Hesse-Cassel, Germany, daughter of John Philip Rubenkam, a clergyman of that city. By her he had one son, Daniel Wister (1738-9-1805), who was married by Friends' ceremony, May 5, 1760, to Lowry Jones, of Philadelphia.

Lowry Jones was descended from the Welsh planters of Merion and Gwynedd, in means, education, and character among the very best of the early settlers of Pennsylvania. Her father was Owen Jones (1711-1793), of Lower Merion and Philadelphia, at one time Provincial Treasurer of Pennsylvania. Owen Jones was a son of Jonathan Jones (1680-1770), a native of Bala, in Merionethshire, Wales, and a grandson of Dr. Edward Jones (c. 1645-1737), of Bala, Merionethshire, who was the leader of the band of Welsh settlers who came over in 1682 to settle in the Welsh Barony. The wife of Dr. Edward Jones was Mary, daughter of Dr. Thomas Wynn (c. 1630-

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<sup>1</sup> John Wister's third wife was Anna Thoman (1720-1778), a nun from the Ephrata Cloisters, in Lancaster County. She was a native of Bubendorf, Switzerland, and came to Pennsylvania in 1736 with her father, Durst Thoman, and his family.

1692), of Caerwys, Flintshire, Wales, an early Quaker pamphleteer, and a passenger on the *Welcome* with William Penn in 1682.

Lowry Jones's grandmother, Gainor, wife of Jonathan Jones, was a daughter of Robert Owen (c. 1657–1697), of Fron Gôch, Merionethshire, an emigrant to Pennsylvania in 1690, and a descendant of a twelfth century chieftain, Rhirid Flaidd, Lord of Penllyn, and of Edward I. of England. Robert Owen's wife, Rebecca Humphrey, was herself a descendant of Edward III. of England.

The mother of Lowry Jones, Susanna (1719–1801), wife of Owen Jones, was a daughter of Hugh Evans (1682–1772), by his wife Lowry Williams (1680–1762), and a granddaughter of Rees John Williams, an emigrant from Merionethshire in 1684. The wife of Rees John Williams was Hannah Price (1656–1741), daughter of Richard ap Griffith ap Rhys, a descendant of Owen Glendower Tudor, and of Edward I., King of England.<sup>1</sup> Hugh Evans was a son of Thomas Evans (1651–1738), of Gwynedd, in Pennsylvania, an emigrant from Wales in 1698, by his wife Ann, and a grandson of Evan ap Evan,

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<sup>1</sup> Thomas Allen Glenn, "Merion in the Welsh Tract."

who was a descendant of Owen, Prince of Gwynedd, and of Bleddyn, Prince of Wales.<sup>1</sup>

Sally Wister was thus a type of the new composite race that had sprung up in Pennsylvania. In her veins was mingled the best blood of two great peoples, and doubtless it was to this blending of Teutonic warmth and earnestness with Cymric sensibility to poesy and romance that we owe much of the charm and sprightliness of her Journal.

Of Sally's school days little information has been obtained, but from what can be learned she was sent to the school for girls kept by the eminent Quaker philanthropist, Anthony Benezet. This institution, which was established in 1755, is said to have had a high moral and literary tone and was patronized by the best classes of citizens.<sup>2</sup> Here doubtless Sally was taught not only the elementary branches but received some instruction in the higher classic and literary studies; at least the Journal would indicate that she had some knowledge of Latin and French. The style

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<sup>1</sup> Howard M. Jenkins, "Historical Collections of Gwynedd."

<sup>2</sup> James P. Wickersham, "History of Education in Pennsylvania," 216.

of the Journal and the allusions in it likewise show that very early she had formed habits of reading, and was familiar with the literature of the time. She was fond of verse, and Pope, if we may judge by her frequent use of quotations from his writings, was her favorite poet. She also was familiar with at least some of the fiction of the age, and expresses her delight on receiving a "charming collection" of books, which included *The Lady's Magazine*, the famous but rather racy novel, Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," and Brooke's "Juliet Grenville."

Probably, too, it was at school, as was the custom of the time, that she learned the "needle wisdom" and the sampler stitching upon which the gallant Captain Dandridge compliments her.

To the Benezet School also Deborah Norris was sent<sup>1</sup> and it was here that the friendship of the two girls began.<sup>2</sup> A bunch of school-girls' letters addressed to Sally give us interesting glimpses of the life of the girls of that day and show that she had a number of warm friends. Among the most intimate

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Wister, "Worthy Women of Our First Century," 282.

<sup>2</sup> In a memorandum made January 4, 1780, in the back part of her manuscript Journal Sally says that this friendship "commenced at school."





Mrs. William Rawle  
"Sally Burge"



of these were Deborah Norris, Polly Fishbourne, Sally Jones, Anna Rawle, Peggy Rawle, and Sally Burge, who represented some of the best Quaker families of the city, and who in later years were notable figures in Philadelphia society. These young girls, then from fourteen to sixteen years of age, formed a little "Social circle," which was very exclusive. To this select society some of their boy friends were admitted for a time; but in 1776, apparently, the boys had fallen from grace. At least that is the natural inference drawn from a letter of one of Sally's correspondents, written in September of this year, while the "merry companions" were separated and still living in their summer homes.

"I shall be glad," writes the young girl, "when we get together again, us Girls, I mean, for as to the boys I fancy we must Give them up. Willingly, I shall; nor have I the most distant desire of being with them again. I think we Pass our time more agreeably without than with them."

This fall from favor, however, if such it were, was only temporary, for after the departure of the British and the return of the exiled families we find the young men restored to their former standing, and the young ladies not averse to receiving other "agreeable mem-

bers” to their circle. One of Sally’s friends writes : “ But the Doctor, the gay, the alert Doctor, what a pity he does not try to get admitted into the Social circle. He would be an agreeable member, I think.”

In personal appearance Sally was tall<sup>1</sup> and well-formed. Her silhouette shows that she had full, clear-cut features ; and a reference<sup>2</sup> in the Journal leads us to believe that she was a blonde.

In spite of her Quaker training she takes not a little worldly pride in her dress and appearance. We are fully informed of her various costumes and we thus gain a very valuable picture of the dress of a young girl at that day. When she hears that officers are coming to the house she and her young friends put their “ dress and lips ” “ in order for conquest.” The next day she wore her “ chintz and look’d smarter than night before.” She is much mortified to have Captain Dandridge find her wearing her greenish “ skirt and dark short gown. Provoking.”

By the latter part of 1777 she was evidently feeling

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<sup>1</sup> See Deborah Norris’s letters in Appendix, pages 197 and 195.

<sup>2</sup> Page 182.

quite grown up and had adopted a more formal dress than the girlish one she had been wearing. "I dressed myself," she writes, "[in my] silk and cotton gown. It is made without an apron. I feel quite awkwardish, and prefer the girlish dress." At another time she wears a "light chintz, which is made grown-fashion, kenting handkerchief, and linen apron." Again she notes with satisfaction that she had on her locket and her "white whim (?), quite as nice as a First-day in town." In the closing pages of the Journal she appears resplendent in a "new purple and white striped Persian, white petticoat, muslin apron, gauze cap and handkerchief."

Here and there we catch glimpses of her housewifely employments. She is skilled in "needle wisdom." She sets "a stocking on the needles and intends to be mightily industrious." She is "darning an apron." One day she rises "at half-past four" in the morning and irons "industriously till one o'clock." On another she "Read and work'd by turns." Her evenings are spent in "reading and chatting."

The Wister family at the opening of the Journal consisted of its head, Daniel Wister, thirty-eight years

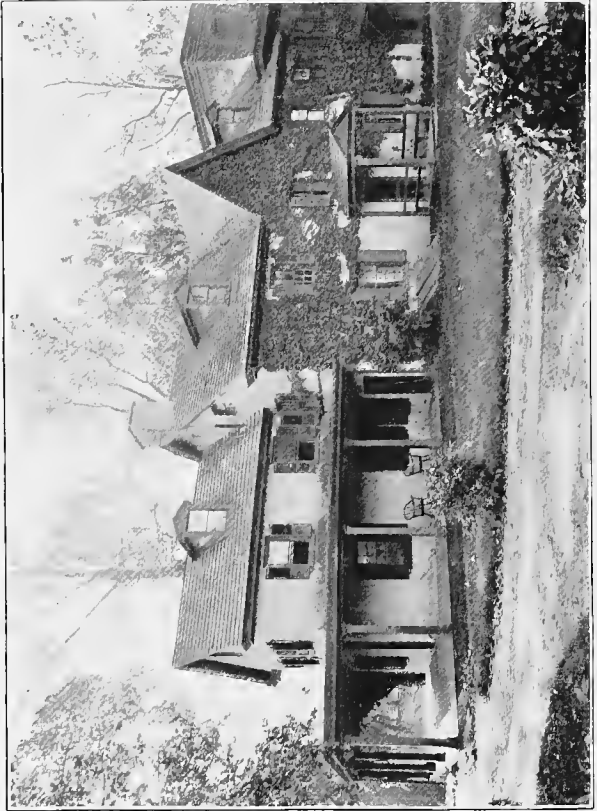
of age, his wife Lowry, four years his junior, and their five children,—Sally, the eldest, aged sixteen; Betsy, aged thirteen; Hannah, aged ten; Susanna, aged four, and John, an infant of eighteen months. They had evidently spent the summer of 1776 at their country house in Germantown,<sup>1</sup> and in the autumn had probably returned to their city home; but the British capture of New York and the threatening outlook for Philadelphia doubtless induced them thus soon to leave the city and take refuge at the Foulke farm. That they had made their quarters here as early as October, 1776, would seem to be true from the statement of Sally in the Journal under date of June 5, 1778, that they had resided at North Wales for twenty months. At any rate they were there in January, 1777, as is evidenced by a letter<sup>2</sup> from Deborah Norris, dated January 27, 1777, and addressed: “ffor Sally Wister <sup>ior</sup>/<sub>jun</sub> North Wales.”

The old Foulke house, which still remains in a good

<sup>1</sup> See letters of Peggy Rawle, dated July 28, and September 7, 1776, addressed to “Sally Wister in Germantown,” in Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> See letter in Appendix. That the family were still in Gwynedd in July is shown by a letter, dated Philadelphia, July 6, 1777, written by John Wister to his grandchildren, Sally and Betsy Wister, at North Wales. — “Memoir of Charles J. Wister,” I., 124.





The Foulke Mansion, Penryn, Pennsylvania, 1902



state of preservation, was for its time a large and imposing mansion. It is located at the present Penllyn Station of the Reading Railway, on a gentle elevation a few hundred yards to the east of Wissahickon Creek. That part of the house which was standing at the time of the Revolution is built of stone, now coated with plaster, and is two stories high. It was probably erected by Hannah Foulke's husband, William Foulke (1708-1775), and occupies the site of an earlier dwelling built by the latter's grandfather, the emigrant ancestor of the Foulke family, Edward Foulke,<sup>1</sup> a Welshman, who came to Pennsylvania in 1698 and purchased seven hundred acres of land in this part of Gwynedd Township. In recent times additions, which seem out of harmony, were made to the east and west ends of the dwelling, and it now presents the long, irregular front shown in the view here reproduced. The central ivy-covered portion is the original house, and was the scene of most of the events described in the Journal.

A short distance to the west of the house, near the

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<sup>1</sup> Edward Foulke (1651-1741) in 1702 wrote an interesting account in Welsh of his emigration and of his line of descent from a Welsh chieftain of the Twelfth Century, Rhirid Flaidd, Lord of Penllyn, in Merionethshire.—Jenkins, "Gwynedd."

Wissahickon, was the ancient Foulke Mill, so frequently mentioned by Sally. It finally fell into disuse, and was removed in 1896. When I visited the place a few months since all that remained to mark the site were a great opening in the earth and two stone mill-burrs.

Inside the original dwelling but few changes have been made; the old fire-places, the low ceilings, the plain woodwork, and the other marks of its colonial simplicity are still preserved. The arrangement of the rooms as described by Sally Wister also remains. "The house," she writes, "has four rooms on a floor, with a wide entry running through."

William Foulke had died in 1775, bequeathing the farm and mill to his son Jesse Foulke, but leaving to his wife Hannah a life interest in the estate. She was now living with her three unmarried children: Jesse, aged thirty-five, the head of the family and the owner and operator of the farm and mill; Priscilla, aged thirty-three, and Lydia, aged twenty-one.

The inventory of William Foulke's personal estate, made at his death, and printed in full in the Appendix, is typical of that of the well-to-do Quaker farmer of the period. From the list can be formed a perfectly clear and definite idea of the general equipment of the

house and farm. The household items show that the dwelling was plainly but comfortably furnished for that day; although the floors were bare, and the walls unadorned save by mirrors. Except for the "Tea Spoons & Tongs" and the "China & Delf wares" we miss the silver and other articles of luxury which are more usually found in inventories of city houses.

From the internal evidence of the Journal it would seem that the Foulkes retained one side of the house and gave up the other with its furnishings to the Wisters. The Wisters, however, kept their own table. Apparently the domestic arrangements of the families were in every way pleasant, and they lived on the most intimate and friendly terms. They considered themselves "as of kin by marriage," Hannah Foulke's son, Amos Foulke, of Philadelphia, having married Hannah Jones, Mrs. Wister's sister. Sally Wister was accustomed to speak of Mrs. Foulke as "Aunt Foulke" and of the Foulke children as "Cousin."

It was not for long that the Wisters and Foulkes were to enjoy the peace and quiet of their solitary situation. Very soon the signs and sounds of war made their way thither. In the first entries of the

Journal we are introduced to alarms and affrights. The families are startled by "a great noise." A "large number of waggons" appear, and three hundred of the Philadelphia militia draw up to the door begging for drink. Sally is "mightily scar'd" and runs "in at one door and out at the other, all in a shake with fear; but after awhile, seeing the officers appear gentlemanly, and the soldiers civil," her "fears were in some measure dispell'd, tho'" her "teeth rattled," and her "hand shook like an aspen leaf."

The next day she and "the delicate, chicken-hearted Liddy" Foulke again are "wretchedly scar'd" by a false report that the dreaded Hessians were approaching "and had actually turn'd into our lane." "Well, the fright went off," but she hears that the forces are drawing nearer and expects soon "to be in the midst of one army or t'other," perhaps in the very centre of "war, and ruin, and the clang of arms."

On the following day, however, she experienced her "greatest fright." A party of Virginia light horse rode up to the door, and mistaking the red and blue of their uniforms for the British colors "fear tack'd wings to" her feet and she fled to the shelter of the house.

Now “passes an interval of several weeks, in which nothing happen’d worth the time and paper it wou’d take to write it,” until October 19th. Then comes a stirring and exciting day crowded with events for Sally to record. In the morning she hears “the greatest drumming, fifing, and rattling of waggons that ever” was heard, and goes a little distance to see the American Army as it marched on its way to take a position nearer to the city. In the evening comes the gallant General Smallwood, commander of the Maryland troops, with his staff and a large guard of soldiers, to take up his headquarters in the Foulke house. “The yard and house were in confusion, and glitter’d with military equipments.” “There was great running up and down stairs,” and Sally has “an opportunity of seeing and being seen, the former the most agreeable, to be sure.”

On this nearer view of the military she becomes reconciled to them and feels “in good spirits, though surrounded by an Army, the house full of officers, and the yard alive with soldiers, — very peaceable sort of men, tho’.” They are not such dreadful creatures after all. “They eat like other folks, talk like them, and behave themselves with elegance ; so I will not be afraid of them, that I won’t.” With these observa-

tions she goes to her chamber to dream “of bayonets and swords, sashes, guns, and epaulets.”

The next morning Sally was up early, and while “*Somnus embraces*” the General and his suite she begins those piquant and graphic pen-pictures that she has left of them. These officers were of the best blood of the South. They had fought in all the principal battles that had occurred up to this time, and the Maryland officers in particular had become famous for their courage and gallantry. Sally finds them well-bred and amiable, and during their fortnight’s stay in the Foulke house takes much pleasure in their society.

She proves especially susceptible to the charms of a young officer of near her own age, — Major William Truman Stoddert, nephew of the General, and a descendant of one of the best and oldest families on the Western Shore of Maryland. On the first evening of the arrival of the party he particularly attracted her notice, but then “appear’d cross and reserv’d.” She adds, however, “Thee shall see how agreeably disappointed I was.” On the morning following this first acquaintance she thus characterizes him :

“Well, here comes the glory, the Major, so bashful, so famous, &c. He shou’d come before the Captain, but never mind. I at first thought the Major cross

“and proud, but I was mistaken. He is about nineteen, nephew to the Gen’l, and acts as Major of brigade to him ; he cannot be extoll’d for the graces of person, but for those of the mind he may justly be celebrated ; he is large in his person, manly, and [has] an engaging countenance and address.”

On the third day the Major “is very reserv’d ; nothing but ‘Good morning,’ or ‘Your servant, madam.’” Sally now hears “strange things of” him ; her informant, doubtless, being Captain Furnival, of Baltimore. The Major is “worth a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, independent of anybody” ; he is, moreover, “very bashful ; so much so he can hardly look at the ladies.” Then she roguishly remarks in an aside, “Excuse me, good sir ; I really thought you were not clever ; if ’tis bashfulness only, we will drive that away.”

Several days now pass and Sally has made but little progress in getting acquainted with the Major ; she makes only the single entry : “The Gen’l still here ; the Major still bashful.” Not until nearly a week after the arrival of the Major does his bashfulness finally disappear, and then it was her little brother Johnny, — scarcely old enough yet to play the part of the *enfant terrible* — who broke the ice between them.

It was on a Sunday evening. The Major was in the Wisters' parlor. It seems he had lived in the city for a time just before the war as a student in Philadelphia College, now the University of Pennsylvania. In the course of the conversation he asked Mrs. Wister if she knew Miss Nancy Bond. Sally replied for her mother that the "amiable girl" had died a year previously. Sally then notes: "I was diverting Johnny at the table, when he [the Major] drew up his chair to it and began to play with the child. I ask'd him if he knew N. Bond. 'No, ma'am, but I have seen her often.' One word brought on another, and we chatted the greatest part of the evening. He said he knew me directly he saw me. Told me exactly where we liv'd."

Thenceforth the Major makes himself very agreeable. Sally now receives polite "Good Mornings." He "is more sociable than ever. No wonder; a stoic cou'd not resist such affable damsels as we are." She finds him "very clever, amiable, and polite. He has the softest voice, never pronounces the *R* at all."

She is very much vexed when the "disagreeable" Dr. Diggs "props himself between the Major and me" at the tea-table; so that "after I had drank tea, I jump'd from the table and seated myself at the fire."



The Major “followed my example, drew his chair close to mine, and entertain’d me very agreeably.” “No harm, I assure thee: he and I are friends.”

“*October 29th.*—I walk’d into aunt’s this evening. I met the Major. Well, thee will think I am writing his history; but not so. Pleased with the rencounter, Liddy, Betsy, Stodard, and myself, seated by the fire, chatted away an hour in lively and agreeable conversation. I can’t pretend to write all he said; but he shone in every subject that we talk’d of.”

At the end of a week Sally’s sentiment for the Major, as she informs her friend, has reached the stage of “esteem,” but we strongly suspect that not even to so rare a confidante as Deborah Norris is the whole revealed. “Another very charming conversation with the young Marylander,” she writes. “He seem’d possessed of very amiable manners; sensible and agreeable. He has by his unexceptionable deportment engag’d my esteem.”

Early in November the General receives orders to march, and the time of parting comes. Sally is “very sorry; for when you have been with agreeable people, ’tis impossible not to feel regret when they<sup>d</sup> bid you

adieu, perhaps forever." Then she significantly remarks : "The Major looks dull."

"About two o'clock the Gen. and Major came to bid us adieu. With daddy and mammy they shook hands very friendly ; to us they bow'd politely.

"Our hearts were full. I thought Major was affected.

"'Good-bye, Miss Sally,' spoken very low. He walk'd hastily, mounted his horse. . . . and cantered away. . . . We look'd at him till the turn in the road hid him from our sight. . . . I wonder whether we shall ever see him again."

She now "skips" a few weeks, "nothing of consequence occurring" except the visit of two Virginians who disgust her with their conversation about "turkey hash and fry'd hominy" — "a pretty discourse to entertain the ladies."

On the 5th of December she is again greatly alarmed on hearing that the British have come out from the city to attack Washington in his intrenchments at Whitemarsh. "What will become of us only six miles distant? We are in hourly expectation of an engagement. I fear we shall be in the midst of it. Heaven defend us from so dreadful a sight."

On the evening of the 6th she is filled with

anxiety to see Major Stoddert return ill with fever, brought on by exposure to cold and fatiguing camp life. He is no longer "lively, alert and blooming," but "pale, thin, and dejected, too weak to rise."

He soon grows better, however, and he and Sally once more enjoy each other's society. She now becomes reconciled to the "dreadful situation" and laughs and chats, even "tho' two such large armies are within six miles of us." On the afternoon of the seventh "platoon firing" was heard, and the Major, in spite of his weak condition, was determined to return to the Army; not even Sally's gentle pleading, "Oh! Major, thee is not going" — in which she "discovered a strong partiality" — could avail; he went on with his preparations. But the firing soon ceased, "and after persuasions innumerable" "he reluctantly agreed to stay. Ill as he was, he would have gone. It showed his bravery, of which we all believe him possess'd of a large share."

In the course of a few days two new figures appear upon the scene, one of whom was destined to be "a principal character" in the liveliest if not the most dramatic part of the whole narrative. These were two young Virginia officers, Captain Lipscomb, "a tall, genteel man," and Mr. Tilly, "a wild, noisy

mortal," who had a flute, but to Sally's vexation did "nothing but play the fool."

Sally, however, comes to think Mr. Tilly very handsome and bids her heart "be secure." But this "caution was needless; *I found it without a wish to stray.*"

Of the episode of the "British Grenadier," of Stoddert's and Sally's plot to frighten the "wild and noisy" Tilly, and of the success of the scheme I shall leave Sally's own clever pen to tell.

On December 13th, the day following Tilly's "retreat," Sally writes: "Ah, Deborah, the Major is going to leave us entirely—just going. I will see him first." Then at noon: "He has gone. I saw him pass the bridge. . . . I seem to fancy he will return in the even<sup>g</sup>." But in the evening he does "not come back. We shall not, I fancy, see him again for months, perhaps years, unless he should visit Philada." She then concludes, without committing herself further: "We shall miss his agreeable company." A week later when the other officers take their leave she is "sorry" but "'tis a different kind from what I felt some time since. We had not contracted so great an intimacy with those last."

Here the Major takes his final leave; and henceforth

he figures no more in these pages. He did not return to the Foulke homestead, nor so far as we know did he ever meet Sally again.

But little penetration is needed to perceive that the fine thread of a love-story runs through these entries. It must be an unsympathetic reader who can dismiss the whole episode as a mere camp flirtation. Certainly, on Sally's part at least, the matter had gone beyond the stage of jesting. As for the Major, although we only see him through Sally's eyes, we can hardly doubt that the old Foulke homestead drew him back to its shelter with a magnet more potent than military reasons. But that the course of true love was checkered or obstructed would seem to be evident. That such an intimacy could not be encouraged is not to be wondered at. A wide gulf of social and religious prejudice lay between them. He was a Maryland cavalier, a member of the Church of England, and a soldier, rich in slaves and plantation lands. She was a Quaker maiden, a member of a religious body that held war to be unchristian, and forbade its members to marry out of the Society or to hold slaves.

Howbeit, when in the course of years the Major took unto himself a wife, the lady of his choice also bore the name of Sally. Whether this was merely

chance, or whether some fleeting memory of an earlier time, of days spent in pleasant companionship with the Quaker maiden in the old farmhouse on the Wissahickon, directed his fancy and influenced his choice, history saith not. He died in his early maturity from the lingering effects of the hardships of camp life. Sally Wister died unmarried a few years later.

In the latter part of February, in company with her friend Polly Fishbourne, who had been making her a visit in Gwynedd, Sally goes down to Whitmarsh to spend a week with Polly's married sister Sarah, wife of George Emlen, with whom General Washington had made his headquarters a few months previously. An incident of particular interest in connection with this visit is her ascent of the "barren hills of Whitmarsh" and her reference to the "ragged huts, imitations of chimneys, and many other ruinous objects," remains of the encampment of the Army that she found there.

The 1st of March finds her back "at my old habitation at the Mill," but paper being scarce "in this part of the country" and her life uneventful she makes no further entries for this month.

With the advance of spring "the scene begins to brighten," and, during the remainder of the Journal, to Sally's delight but not to that of the older members of the family, who were becoming impatient of so much "quartering," a number of officers of the Continental Army appear at the Foulke mansion. Of these later comers none is more interesting and attractive to Sally than the gallant and picturesque Captain Dandridge, "the handsomest man in existence." There is no more charming bit of writing in the Journal than the picture she gives of him, and their passes of wit and raillery. Indeed, we fear for a time that the Major has a rival, but Sally assures us she escapes heart free.

In one of Sally's encounters with Dandridge an interesting light is thrown upon the attitude of the Wisters in the struggle for independence. As members of the Society of Friends they professed to take a neutral position and stood firmly by their testimony against war. That they wished to avoid the discussion of political questions is shown by an entry of Sally's, made December 11th. She relates that one evening after the officers had taken tea in the Wister parlor, "the conversation turned on politicks, a subject I avoid. I gave Betsy a hint. I rose, she followed, and we went" out of the room.

But although opposed to war the Wisters, like fully ninety per cent. of the Quakers, were at heart friends of liberty and silent sympathizers with their country's cause.<sup>1</sup> There is no doubt as to the side that Sally takes. All through the Journal she reveals her sympathy for the Americans, and she is quick to repudiate Dandridge's accusation that she is a Tory.

Finally, on the 19th of June comes the welcome news that the British have withdrawn from the city. Sally can scarcely contain herself. "This is *charmante!* . . . It is true. They have gone. Past a doubt . . . may they never, never return." "I now think of nothing but returning to Philadelphia." With this, on the 20th of June, 1778, she brings to a close her North Wales Journal.

From later entries made in the back part of the manuscript book containing her Journal we learn that the family did not return to the city until July. Sally then writes :

' "Philadelphia, July, 1778. — It has at length  
" pleased the Almighty to restore us to our friends and  
" native city. May I be grateful for this & every other

---

<sup>1</sup> See Isaac Sharpless' work, "The Quakers in the Revolution," and Gilbert Cope's paper on "Friends in the Revolution," read before the Chester County Historical Society, November, 1902.



“ blessing. I will just relate a few circumstances that  
“ occur’d. We intended removing immediately to  
“ town upon my father’s return from Lancaster,  
“ which did happen the third day after the evacuation  
“ of Phila<sup>d</sup>, but our intentions were frustrated by a  
“ severe fit of illness, which my sister Betsy had ; it  
“ held her two weeks. Thro’ the goodness of provi-  
“ dence she was again restor’d to us. We then bid  
“ adieu to the peaceful tho’ solitary Shades of  
“ N. Wales, which for the space of —— months  
“ afforded us as undisturb’d a retirement as the  
“ unhappy situation of affairs wou’d admit. Ardent  
“ as my desires were to return to this dear city, I did  
“ not leave our good and obliging relations and quiet  
“ retreat, without regret. I sigh’d, and the starting  
“ tear stood trembling in my eye. A tear was a poor  
“ tribute to the many happy scenes I have enjoy’d  
“ there ; yet they shall ever live in my memory. I  
“ will fondly cherish the idea of past happiness and  
“ shall often give a tear and [a] sigh to the remem-  
“ brance of joyful hours beyond recovery fled.

“ I had the satisfaction of finding my frds in posses-  
“ sion of health and tolerable spirits. My heart  
“ danc’d and eyes sparkled at the sight of the  
“ companions of my girlish days. Add to this  
“ the rattling of carriages over the streets — harsh  
“ music, tho’ preferable to croaking frogs and screech-  
“ ing owls.

“ I don’t expect anything uncommon will mark my

“future life, therefore shall not continue this relation  
“journal-wise, tho’ sometime hence I may add a  
“line or two.”

The later jottings, which were made at long intervals, are not of sufficient interest to print in full, but from them we find that for a number of years she was kept informed of the doings of some of her soldier friends.

January 4, 1780, she has heard that “Gen’l[s] Smallwood and Guest, [and] Col. Wood are still in the Army, Col. Line [is] in Virginia, Capt Furnival in Maryland. The worthy Stodard is much indispos’d at his home in the last mention’d state. The mild Capt Smallwood and amiable Lipscomb are no longer inhabitants of this terrestrial world, snatch’d in the bloom of youth by unrelenting death from all earthly connexions. I experienc’d a good deal of pleasure in the transient acquaintance I had with these young men ; but they are no more. I felt sorry when I heard of their deaths.”

In the same year she notes : “Dandridge, the gay, the gallant, roving Dandridge is at last bound or on the verge of being bound in hymen’s fetters. I hope the lady may possess prudence and discretion . . . .”

A little later she hears a false report of General Smallwood’s death. “I am extremely sorry to make

an addition to my journal upon an occasion so affecting and melancholy as the present. The amiable, worthy General Smallwood in full possession of the goods of this world and in the vigour of life fell in the battle with Cornwallis, August 16th, 1780. The British soldiery, with savage cruelty not contented with robbing the agreeable man of life us'd his breathless corse in the most shocking manner, mangling it with their bayonets. What a disgrace to human nature was such a barbarous procedure. I ardently hope, and make no doubt, that the General, whose soul I am confident was a stranger to such vices, is enjoying happiness inexpressible in the mansions of eternal felicity. Esteem'd and belov'd by all that knew him whilst living, In his death regretted and lamented not only as a loss to his family and friends, but to the public. The remembrance of his virtues and the happy hours I have spent in his company shall always be present to my mind. The following lines extremely applicable :

Happy The brave who sink to rest  
By all their countrys wishes blest ;  
When spring with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod ;  
Than FANCYS feet have ever trod,  
By fairys hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.

There HONOR comes a PILGRIM grey,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
 And FREEDOM shall awhile repair,  
 To dwell a weeping HERMIT there.

May all those brave men who were companions in war and in death with General Smallwood enjoy eternal happiness."

But General Smallwood was destined for a milder death. Sally writes :

"*Sept. 12th, 1780.* — It is with heartfelt pleasure  
 "I have heard that the report of Genl Smallwood's  
 "death was premature. He was not only favour'd to  
 "survive the engagement, but by signal acts of bravery  
 "has gain'd great honor. I wish the laurels he has  
 "gather'd may flourish with unfading lustre."

In August, 1781, she makes a record of Dr. Gould's death, which will be found included in the footnote on page 77.

We catch only occasional glimpses of Sally Wister's later life. In the spring of 1781 she comes before us in the diary of her friend, Anna Rawle,<sup>1</sup> of Philadelphia, who writes :

"*April 18th, 1781, 4th-day.* — Sally Wister  
 "and Betsy Wister drank tea with us."

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<sup>1</sup> For sketch of Anna Rawle see page 205.

“ *May 16th, 1781, 4th-day.* — Sally Wister came  
 “ this evening to speak to Caty Neal. She sat an  
 “ hour here — she was talking of the ball on board the  
 “ french frigate — of the ladies  
 “ they say Nancy Bingham<sup>1</sup> made  
 “ the most elegant figure, drest in a  
 “ suit of black velvet — However,  
 “ as there must be censurers it was  
 “ thought a great impropriety for  
 “ her to go into so much company  
 “ when her mother has been dead  
 “ but three months — and for Mrs.  
 “ P. — too, as she has within  
 “ this four weeks had letters to inform her of Charles  
 “ Willings death in Barbadoes — ”



ANNA RAWLE.

Another entry from the same diary shows that although Sally was a patriot in her sympathies yet she was enough interested in relieving distress to assist in clothing the British prisoners :

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<sup>1</sup> Under date of Nov. 4, 1780, Anna Rawle writes of Mrs. Bingham : “ Speaking of handsome women brings Nancy Willing to my mind. She might set for the Queen of Beauty, and is lately married to Bingham, who returned from the West Indies with an immense fortune. They have set out in the highest style, nobody here will be able to make the figure they do ; equipage, house, clothes, are all the newest taste, — and yet some people wonder at the match. She but sixteen and such a perfect form. His appearance is less amiable.”

“ 4th-day, Jan. 23, 1782. — B. S.<sup>1</sup> here after  
 “ dinner — A person who had charitably supplied the  
 “ British prisoners with linnen sent some of it here  
 “ and to Aunt Fishers to make into sheets ; it was the  
 “ toughest linnen I ever worked at — it made all our  
 “ fingers bleed — But I ought not to conceal other  
 “ people’s charities it was Sally Wistar who gave it — ”

In 1789, after the death of his father, Daniel Wister made the Germantown house his permanent residence, and here Sally lived the remainder of her life. As she grew to wo-

manhood  
 she became  
 sedate and

*Daniel Wister*

dignified, but letters in the form of verse written to her brothers show that she still retained much of her former brightness and humor.

She was fond of writing poetry, and some of her productions, written over the *nom-de-plume* of “ Laura,” appeared in the *Philadelphia Portfolio*.

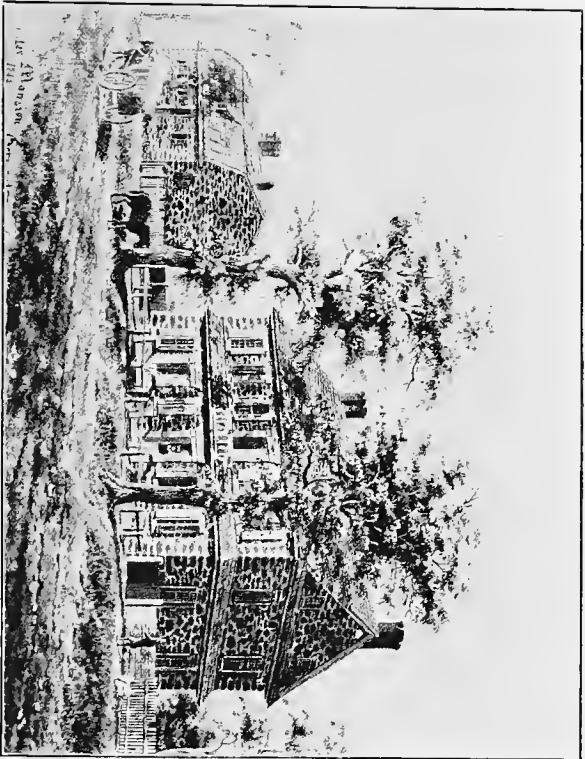
In her later life  
 she went very little  
 into society and her

*Louery Wister*

mind was much occupied with religious matters. She

---

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Shoemaker, Anna Rawle’s stepbrother.



Wister Mansion, Germantown, from an old drawing





was much devoted to her mother, and the death of the latter was such a severe blow to her that she survived only two months, dying April 21, 1804.<sup>1</sup>

The celebrated Dr. Rush, the family physician, thus wrote of her death in the *Philadelphia Gazette*, of April 25, 1804 :

“ Died on Wednesday last, Miss Sarah Wister.  
“ The distress occasioned by the death of this highly  
“ accomplished and valuable lady is greatly heightened  
“ by recently succeeding that of her excellent mother.

“ Few families have ever furnished two such shining  
“ examples of prudence, virtue, piety, and eminent  
“ acquirements ; and as few persons have ever produced  
“ by their deaths more heartfelt grief to a numerous  
“ circle of relations and friends.”

The original manuscript, from which the Journal is printed, covers forty pages of linen laid paper in size six inches wide by seven and a half inches long. It is bound in heavy marbled paper, now much worn with age, and except for the first page, which in parts is faded and time-stained, the writing is well preserved. Considering that one and a quarter centuries have

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<sup>1</sup> “Memoir of Charles J. Wister,” by his son, Charles J. Wister, Jr., privately printed, Germantown, 1866.

elapsed since the entries were made, the little book is in very good condition. The handwriting, as may be seen by the photographic reproductions, is legible and characteristic. The Journal is now for the first time printed in its entirety.

The errors made in spelling and composition may be overlooked in a girl of Sally's age; they were failings common to the time and only add to the quaintness of the Journal. On the whole it must be admitted that it is a remarkable production for a girl of sixteen.

The manuscript is now in possession of our author's nephew, Mr. Charles J. Wister, of Germantown, to whom I am under obligations for many courtesies; he has not only given me access to the Journal and other treasured family papers and relics, but has in every way possible furthered my undertaking. He has examined the proofs of the work and approved its publication.

I also desire to express my thanks to the many other persons who have assisted me in various ways; especially would I mention John W. Jordan, Ph.D., and the other officials of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; the Maryland Historical Society and its courteous Librarian, Mr. George W. McCreary; the Episcopal Library of Baltimore; Mr. Hugh A. Morrison, Jr., of the Congressional Library, Washing-



Dining Room, Wister Mansion, Germantown, 1902



ton, D. C. ; Mr. Thomas E. Nimmo, of the State Library, Richmond, Virginia ; the New York Historical Society and its Librarian, Mr. Robert H. Kelby ; Mr. Albert C. Bates, Librarian of the Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford ; Mr. Bunford Samuels, of the Ridgway Branch of the Philadelphia Library Company ; Miss Cordelia Jackson, of Georgetown, D. C. ; Mr. Gustavus Truman Brown and Mrs. Vernon Dorsey, of Washington, D. C. ; Mr. Kirk Brown, and Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddert Bowie, of Baltimore ; Mr. Emerson Collins, of Williamsport, Pa. ; the Virginia Historical Society, Richmond ; and Mr. Nathan F. Carter, Librarian of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Concord.

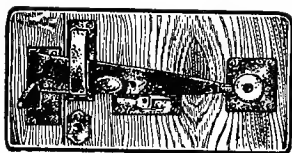
My thanks are also due to Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, Mr. Henry Pemberton, Mr. William Brooke Rawle, Mr. Francis Rawle, Hon. Boies Penrose, Miss Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, Mr. Samuel Troth, Mrs. John T. Lewis, and Mr. Thomas D. Bolger, of Philadelphia ; to Mr. Albanus C. Logan, Miss Maria Dickinson Logan, Mr. James Emlen, and Miss Sarah M. Whitesides, of Germantown ; to Mrs. William Truman Stoddert, of Winchester, Virginia ; to Mr. William H. Richardson, of Jersey City, N. J. ; to Mr. W. Gordon Smythe,

of West Conshohocken, Pa. ; to Mr. Gilbert Cope, of West Chester, Pa. ; to Mrs. Priscilla Walker Streets, of Brooklyn, N. Y. ; to Mr. Walter J. Mitchell, of La Plata, Charles County, Md. ; to Mr. F. Potts Green, of Bellefonte, Pa. ; to Miss Susan Miles, of Milesburg, Pa. ; and to Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Caldwell, the present occupants of the Foulke Mansion at Penllyn, Pa.

I have indicated my principal sources of information in the footnotes, but I am especially indebted for considerable data to Howard M. Jenkins's excellent work, "Historical Collections of Gwynedd," and to Francis B. Heitman's "Historical Register of the Revolution."

ALBERT COOK MYERS.

*Philadelphia, December 12, 1902.*



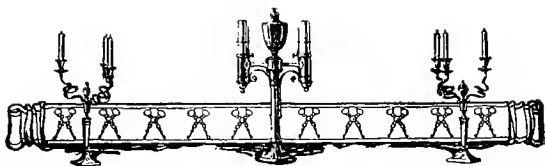




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## ILLUSTRATIONS

### “THE BRITISH GRENADEER” . . . . *Frontispiece*

Reproduced by the three-color process from the original figure, life-size, painted on wood one inch thick, in possession of Charles J. Wister, Esq., of Germantown. Sally Wister notes under date of December 12, 1777, that the figure had been brought to the Foulke house, “some weeks” before from the house of her uncle, Colonel Samuel Miles, a few miles away. Its origin is unknown, but it has been suggested that it was one of the stage decorations made by Major André for use in connection with the British theatricals during the British occupation of Philadelphia. I am informed by the British War Office, in a letter dated November 7, 1902, that it “is a faithful representation of a Coldstream Guardsman about the period 1745.”

### HEADING. — ANTIQUE LOCK AND CHAIR . . . . 5

From Wister Mansion, Germantown.

### DEBORAH LOGAN (“Debby Norris”) . . . . 7

From photograph of portrait, painted by George W. Conarroe, in 1839, in possession of a descendant, Miss Maria Dickinson Logan, of “Loudoun,” Germantown.

- WISTER MANSION, GERMANTOWN . . . . . 10  
From a Photograph, taken October, 1902.
- MRS. WILLIAM RAWLE ("Sally Burge") . . . 14  
From a panel portrait by Gilbert Stuart, owned by a descendant, Francis Rawle, Esq., of Philadelphia. Painted on mahogany, 24 by 29 inches. White dress, with dark green cloak falling from the shoulders; white muslin cap; hair brown; eyes blue; red curtain at open window in left background.
- THE FOULKE MANSION AT PENLLYN . . . . . 19  
The central part of the house only was standing in 1777-1778; the end wings are of later erection. The Journalist says: "The house has four rooms on a floor, with a wide entry running through."
- ANNA RAWLE (Mrs. John Clifford) . . . . . 39  
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- AUTOGRAPH OF DANIEL WISTER . . . . . 40
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From Wister Mansion, Germantown.

HEADING. — ANTIQUE LAMP AND CANDLESTICKS 49  
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SALLY WISTER . . . . . 65  
From silhouette in possession of her nephew, Charles  
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AUTOGRAPH OF DR. ENOCH EDWARDS . . . . . 69  
From signature to his will dated December 31, 1801,  
Philadelphia Wills, No. 60.

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Taken down in January, 1896. From photograph  
made by Mr. William H. Richardson, of Jersey City,  
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AUTOGRAPH OF WILLIAM LINDSAY . . . . . 71  
From signature to a letter (from Collector's Office at  
Norfolk), dated March 29, 1794, to Governor Henry  
Lee, of Virginia, MS. in State Library, Richmond.

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From signature to a manuscript in the collection of the  
Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

AUTOGRAPH OF GENERAL WILLIAM SMALLWOOD . 78

From signature to a letter dated Woodyard, February 14, 1776, addressed to the President of the Council of Safety in Annapolis, MS. No. 192, in Red Book No. 15, Maryland Historical Society.

AUTOGRAPH OF CAPTAIN EBENEZER FINLEY . 80

From signature in Revolutionary War Records, War Department, Washington, D. C.

AUTOGRAPH OF HORATIO CLAGGETT . . . . 80

From signature in Revolutionary War Records, War Department, Washington, D. C.

AUTOGRAPH OF COLONEL JAMES WOOD . . 82

From signature as Governor of Virginia attached to a Commission, dated April 22, 1794, MSS. E. F. No. 53, Virginia Historical Society, Richmond.

GENERAL WILLIAM SMALLWOOD . . . 82

From photograph of portrait painted by Charles Willson Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

AUTOGRAPH OF CAPTAIN ALEXANDER FURNIVAL . 84

From signature to a letter dated at Baltimore, November 26, 1777, MS. No. 40, in Red Book No. 14, Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore.

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From a miniature in possession of a great-great-granddaughter, Miss Bessie Stoddert Hopkins, of "Snowden Hall," Bowie, Prince George County, Maryland. Size of portrait  $1\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{3}{4}$  inches. Set in a gold frame. The hat with its plume is black, the hair powdered gray, the eyes blue, the coat dark blue, lapel and shoulder straps bright red, with neckcloth white. On the reverse side, covered with glass, is a mass of woven hair of light brown color, upon which is placed the gold monogram, W T S.

"THE MAJOR" . . . . . 86

Photographic reproduction of two pages of the original manuscript of the Journal.

THE HUNTING HORN OF MAJOR STODDERT . . . . 88

Photographed from the original, in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr. Gustavus Truman Brown, of Washington, D. C.

AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN WISTER, 1830 . . . . . 90

From a fly leaf of a volume in a set of Shakespeare in possession of his nephew, Charles J. Wister, Esquire, of Germantown.

AUTOGRAPH OF COLONEL MORDECAI GIST . . . . 92

From signature to a letter dated "Camp," October 17, 1781, to General Washington, Conarroe Collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

AUTOGRAPH OF COLE DIGGS . . . . . 93

From a signature in Revolutionary War Records, War Department, Washington, D. C.

## COLONEL MORDECAI GIST . . . . . 95

From photograph of portrait painted by Charles Willson Peale, in collection of Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore. Eyes, blue gray; hair, very light brown; coat, dark blue; lapel and vest, buff; rosette on hat, gold.

“THE PARLOUR” AND OLD FIREPLACES, FOULKE  
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From a Photograph, taken October, 1902.

NORTH CHAMBER, WITH OLD FIREPLACE, FOULKE  
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From a Photograph, taken October, 1902.

THE WISSAHICKON, NEAR FOULKE MANSION,  
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From a Photograph, taken October, 1902.

## COLONEL SAMUEL MILES . . . . . 104

From portrait, said to be by Peale, in possession of a descendant, Miss Susan Miles, of Milesburg, Centre County, Pennsylvania. Size of portrait 24 x 28 inches. Eyes and hair gray. Coat black. A portrait exactly like this has come down to another descendant, Miss Frances M. McKean, of Washington, D. C.



AUTOGRAPH OF COLONEL SAMUEL MILES . . . 104

From signature to a letter dated August 28, 1777, at Spring Mill Farm, addressed to Elias Boudinot, Commissary General. In Autograph Collection of Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

AUTOGRAPH OF POLLY FISHBOURNE . . . . . 105

From signature to a letter written from Potsgrove, now Pottstown, Pa., in 1776, to "Sally Wister Philadelphia," in collection of Mr. Charles J. Wister.

THE DINING-ROOM, FOULKE MANSION, PENLLYN . 112

From a Photograph, taken October, 1902.

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From signature to a letter dated January 27, 1777, addressed "ffor Sally Wister  $\frac{ior}{jun}$  North Wales," in collection of Mr. Charles J. Wister.

AUTOGRAPH OF CAPTAIN REUBEN LIPSCOMB . . 121

From signature in Revolutionary War Records, War Department, Washington, D. C.

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Photographed from the original figure, life size, painted on wood, one inch thick, in possession of Charles J. Wister, Esq., of Germantown.

- “THE ENTRY” AND “THE FIRST LANDING OF  
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From a Photograph, taken October, 1902.

- “TILLY AND THE BRITISH GRENADIER” . . . 136

Photographic reproduction of four pages of the original  
manuscript of the Journal.

- EMLÉN HOUSE, “WHITEMARSH,” NOW CAMP  
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Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. Washington's  
Headquarters, December, 1777. From photograph  
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- EMLÉN HOUSE IN 1848 . . . 140

From a sketch made by Benson J. Lossing in 1848,  
and reproduced in his “Field-Book of the Revolution.”

- SARAH EMLÉN (1756-1829), WIFE OF GEORGE  
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From a miniature in possession of a granddaughter,  
Mrs. Sarah E. Meredith, of New York City. Size,  
 $2\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Colors—eyes, dark grey; hair,  
almost white; gown, grey; shawl, kerchief, and cap,  
white.

- AUTOGRAPH OF MAJOR JOHN JAMESON . . . 143

From signature to a letter, dated Culpepper, January 8,  
1794, to Governor Henry Lee, of Virginia, MSS. of  
the Revolution, State Library, Richmond.

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## COLONEL DANIEL BRODHEAD . . . . . 148

From photograph of a miniature in possession of Mrs. Johnson, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, widow of the late Henry Johnson, Esq., of Muncy, Pa., to whom it descended through his mother, Mrs. Rebecca J. Johnson, granddaughter of General Brodhead. In his will, dated August 8, 1809, probated in Wayne County, Pennsylvania, November 25, 1809, General Brodhead thus disposed of his portraits: "I give to my Granddaughter Rebecca Johnson (late Rebecca Heiner) my miniature picture set in gold" and "to my Granddaughter Catharine Brodhead my small portrait picture." The miniature, in size  $1\frac{5}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$  inches, is painted on ivory and set in a gold frame. The eyes are blue, and the hair white. The uniform is blue with scarlet facings. The waistcoat and stock are white.

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From original portrait painted by Asher B. Durand, in collection of New York Historical Society.

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From signature in manuscripts of the Revolution, State Library, Richmond, Virginia.

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From signature to his will, dated March 4, 1784,  
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Reproduced by the three-color process from the original,  
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From signature to a letter dated Doylestown, March 21, 1778, to Thomas Wharton, Dreer Collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

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HEADING — ANTIQUE CHAIRS . . . . . 189

From Wister Mansion, Germantown. The central chair was presented to John Wister, Sally Wister's grandfather, by his friend, Count Zinzendorf, the celebrated Moravian missionary, about 1740.

## MARGARET RAWLE (Mrs. Isaac Wharton) . . 192

From photograph of portrait painted by Thomas Sully,  
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## AUTOGRAPH OF PEGGY RAWLE . . . . . 192

From signature to a letter, dated September 7, 1776,  
addressed "To Sally Wister in Germantown," in  
collection of Mr. Charles J. Wister.





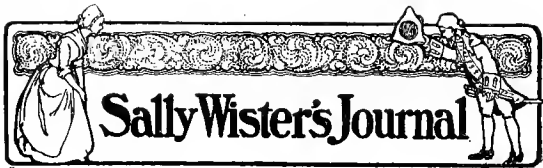
Sally Wister's Journal







Sally Wister



TO DEBORAH NORRIS<sup>1</sup>:—

Tho' I have not the least shadow of an opportunity to send a letter, if I do write, I will keep a sort of journal of the time that may expire before I see thee: the perusal of it may some time hence give pleasure in a solitary hour to thee and our Sally Jones.<sup>2</sup>

Yesterday, which was the 24th of September, two Virginia officers call'd at our house, and inform'd us that the British Army had cross'd the Schuylkill. Presently after, another person stopp'd, and

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<sup>1</sup> For sketch of Deborah Norris see p. 114.

<sup>2</sup> Doubtless this was Sally Wister's aunt, Sarah Jones, born May 30, 1760, who married Samuel Rutter. The aunt was only one year older than the niece.

confirm'd what they had said, and that Gen'l Washington and Army were near Pottsgrove.<sup>1</sup> Well, thee may be sure we were sufficiently scared; however, the road was very still till evening.

About seven o'clock we heard a great noise. To the door we all went. A large number of waggons, with about three hundred of the Philadelphia Militia. They begged for drink, and several push'd into the house. One of those that entered was a little tipsy, and had a mind to be saucy.

I then thought it time for me to retreat; so figure me (mightily scar'd, as not having presence of mind enough to face so many of the Military), running in at one door, and out another, all in a shake with fear; but after a while, seeing the officers appear

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<sup>1</sup>The Battle of Brandywine had occurred September 11th, and the surprise and massacre at Paoli on the night of the 20th. Howe crossed at Gordon's Ford (now Phœnixville), and Fatland Ford, on September 23d, to the east side of the Schuylkill, and thence moved down to Philadelphia. Washington was at Pottsgrove for several days, and then moved over to the Perkiomen. —H. M. Jenkins.

gentlemanly, and the soldiers civil, I call'd reason to my aid. My fears were in some measure dispell'd, tho' my teeth rattled, and my hand shook like an aspen leaf. They did not offer to take their quarters with us; so, with many blessings, and as many adieus, they marched off.

I have given thee the most material occurrences of yesterday faithfully.

*Fourth Day, September 25th.<sup>1</sup>*

This day, till twelve o'clock, the road was mighty quiet, when Hobson Jones came riding along. About that time he made a stop at our door, and said the British were at Skippack road; that we should soon see their light horse, and [that] a party of Hessians had actually turn'd into our lane. My Dadda and Mamma gave it the credit it deserv'd,

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<sup>1</sup> This date, presuming the day of the week to be accurately given, should be the 24th, and it may be here observed that the dates of the month are not for some time correctly given in the Journal, being a while one day ahead, and then two days, until December 5th, when they become correct.—H. M. J.

for he does not keep strictly to the truth in all respects; but the delicate, chicken-hearted Liddy<sup>1</sup> and I were wretchedly scar'd. We cou'd say nothing but "Oh! what shall we do? What will become of us?" These questions only augmented the terror we were in.

Well, the fright went off. We saw no light horse or Hessians. O. Foulke<sup>2</sup> came here in the evening, and told us that Gen'l Washington had come down as far as the Trappe, and that Gen'l McDougles brigade was stationed at Montgomery, consisting of about 16 hundred men. This he had from Dr. Edwards,<sup>3</sup> Lord Stirling's aid-de-camp;

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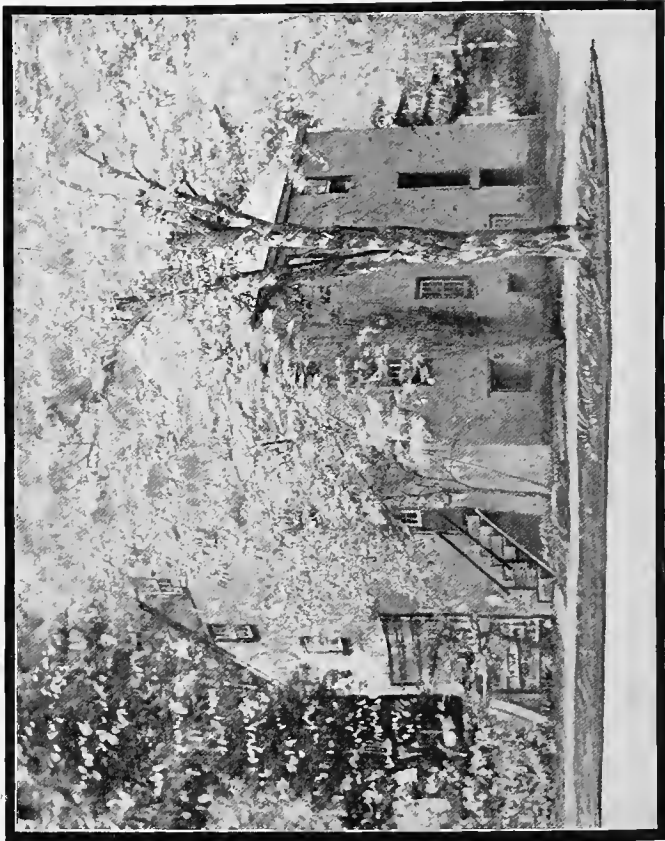
<sup>1</sup> LYDIA FOULKE, daughter of William and Hannah, born April 9, 1756. She afterward married John Spencer, born 1756, died 1799, son of Jacob and Hannah, of Moreland.—H. M. J.

<sup>2</sup> OWEN FOULKE, son of Caleb and Jane (Jones) Foulke, was born in Philadelphia, June 27th, 1763, died at Gwynedd, August 30, 1808. He was afterwards a partner with his father in business in Philadelphia, and in 1798 was a member of the First City Troop. In the late years of his life he practiced law at Sunbury, Pa. He was Sally's first cousin, their mothers being sisters.—H. M. J.

<sup>3</sup> DR. ENOCH EDWARDS, brother of Major Evan Edwards, was







The old Foulke Mill at Penlyn  
Taken down in 1896

so we expected to be in the midst of one army or t'other.

*Fourth Day Night.*

We were not alarm'd.

*Fifth Day, September 26th.*

We were unusually silent all the morning; no passengers came by the house, except to the Mill, & we don't place much dependence on Mill news.

About twelve o'clock, cousin Jesse<sup>1</sup> heard that Gen. Howe's army had moved

born in Byberry, Philadelphia County, in 1750. He became an Ensign of the Pennsylvania Flying Camp, in 1776. He was a Justice of the Peace and a practicing physician in Byberry until 1792, when he sold his property there and moved to Frankford.

*God-ward*

In 1791 he was commissioned an Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia. He died April 25, 1802.—“Penna. in Rev.,” III., 558; *Phila. Amer. Daily Ad.*, Apr. 27, 1802; “Hist. Moreland”; Martin’s “Bench and Bar.”

<sup>1</sup>JESSE FOULKE, son of William and Hannah, and brother to Caleb and Amos. He was therefore a “connection by marriage,” but not of kin, at all; the term “cousin” is purely complimentary. He was born Nov. 9, 1742, and died unmarried,

down towards Philadelphia. Then, my dear, our hopes & fears were engaged for you. However, my advice is, summon up all your resolution, call Fortitude to your aid, and don't suffer your spirits to sink, my dear; there's nothing like courage; 'tis what I stand in need of myself, but unfortunately have little of it in my composition.

I was standing in the kitchen<sup>1</sup> about 12, when somebody came to me in a hurry, screaming, "Sally, Sally, here are the light horse!" This was by far the greatest fright I had endured; fear tack'd wings to my feet; I was at the house in a moment; at the porch I stopt, and it really was the light horse.

I ran immediately to the western door, where the family were assembled, anxiously waiting for the event. They rode up to

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March 16, 1821. He and his unmarried sister Priscilla continued to occupy the old Foulke mansion, and lived to advanced years.—H. M. J.

<sup>1</sup> The kitchen was "a small distance from the house." See *infra*, under date of June 5, 1778.

the door and halted, and enquired if we had horses to sell; he was answer'd negatively.

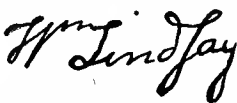
“Have not you, sir,” to my father, “two black horses?”

“Yes, but have no mind to dispose of them.”

My terror had by this time nearly subsided. The officer and men behav'd perfectly civil; the first drank two glasses of wine, rode away, bidding his men follow, which, after adieus in number, they did. The officer was Lieutenant Lindsay,<sup>1</sup> of Bland's regiment, Lee's troop. The men, to our great joy, were Americans,

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<sup>1</sup> WILLIAM LINDSAY, whose father, William Lindsay, had come from Jamaica and settled at Port Royal, Caroline County, Virginia, was appointed a Cornet in Colonel Bland's Regiment of



Virginia Light Dragoons, June 16, 1776. On the 18th of December of the same year he was raised to the rank of

Lieutenant. March 15, 1777, he became Third Lieutenant of the First Continental Dragoons. He received a wound near Valley Forge, January 21, 1778. On the 7th of April following he was made Captain of Lee's Battalion of Light Dragoons. He resigned from the Army, October 1, 1778. He lived for a time

and but 4 in all. What made us imagine them British, they wore blue and red, which with us is not common.

It has rained all this afternoon, and to present appearances, will all night. In all probability the English will take possession of the city to-morrow or next day. What a change will it be! May the Almighty take you under His protection, for without His divine aid all human assistance is vain.

“ May heaven’s guardian arm protect my absent friends,  
From danger guard them, and from want defend.”

Forgive my dear, the repetition of these lines, but they just darted into my mind.

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near Fredericksburg, but having received the first appointment to the office of Collector of the Customs for Norfolk and Portsmouth under the Federal government, he removed with his family to the latter place. He died September 1, 1797, while on a trip to Newport, Rhode Island, and was buried there in Trinity churchyard. By his wife, Martha Fox, he had several children, of whom Colonel William Lindsay was a prominent officer of the United States Army.—Bland MSS., Cong. Lib., Wash.; Heitman; “Lindsay Genealogy,” 225 (Albany, 1889); *Norfolk Herald*, Sept. 29, 1838; *Columbian Sentinel* (Boston), September 13, 1797.

Nothing worth relating has occurred this afternoon. Now for trifles. I have set a stocking on the needles, and intend to be mighty industrious. This evening some of our folks heard a very heavy cannon. We supposed it to be fir'd by the English. The report seem'd to come from Philad<sup>a</sup>. We hear the American army will be within five miles of us to-night.

The uncertainty of our position engrosses me quite. Perhaps to be in the midst of war, and ruin, and the clang of arms. But we must hope the best.

Here, my dear, passes an interval of several weeks, in which nothing happen'd worth the time and paper it wou'd take to write it.<sup>1</sup> The English, however, in

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<sup>1</sup> We are unfortunately given nothing in relation to the Battle of Germantown, which occurred October 4th, in this interval. The omission is difficult to understand, because she alludes, later, to "the battle of Germantown, and the horrors of that day."—H. M. J.

the interim, had taken possession of the city.

*Second Day, October the 19th, 1777.*

Now for new and uncommon scenes. As I was lying in bed, and ruminating on past and present events, and thinking how happy I shou'd be if I cou'd see you, Liddy came running into the room, and said there was the greatest drumming, fifing, and rattling of waggons that ever she had heard. What to make of this we were at a loss. We dress'd and down stairs in a hurry. Our wonder ceas'd.

The British had left Germantown, and our Army was marching to take possession. It was the general opinion that they wou'd evacuate the capital.<sup>1</sup> Sister

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<sup>1</sup> On this date the British withdrew from Germantown into Philadelphia, and the Americans moved down the Skippack Road, and the roads adjacent, to take a nearer position. Washington's headquarters, for some days, were at "James Morris's, on the Skippack road," and on the 2d of November, at Whitmarsh, at the Emlen mansion hereafter mentioned. It was the movement of troops down the Morris road, no doubt,—“half a mile away,”—that Sally and her friends went to see.—H. M. J.



Betsy<sup>1</sup> and myself, and G. E.<sup>2</sup> went about half a mile from home, where we cou'd see the army pass. Thee will stare at my going, but no impropriety in my opine, or I wou'd not have gone. We made no great stay, but return'd with excellent appetites for our breakfast.

Several officers call'd to get some re-

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<sup>1</sup> ELIZABETH WISTER, Sally's sister, born February 27, 1764.

<sup>2</sup> GEORGE EMLÉN, son of George and Ann (Reckless) Emlen, was born in Philadelphia, February 25, 1741, and died November 23, 1812. He was married to Sarah Fishbourne, daughter of



William and Mary (Talman) Fishbourne, at Pine Street Friends' Meeting, Philadelphia, February 1, 1775. The Emlens had a country seat at Whitmarsh, fourteen miles north of the city. This estate was purchased by George Emlen, Sr., a wealthy Quaker merchant of Philadelphia, in 1745, and at his death, January 3, 1776, it had come into possession of his widow, Ann Emlen, his son George Emlen, Jr., and the other heirs. The Emlen mansion was used by General Washington as his headquarters during the encampment of the Continental Army at Whitmarsh, in the late autumn of 1777, and it was here a few months later that Sally Wister visited and wrote part of the Journal. The house is still standing near Camp Hill Station on the Reading Railroad. It is now owned by the estate of the late Charles T. Aiman.—Phila. Deeds, G. 7, p. 359; Emlen family records.

freshment, but none of consequence till the afternoon. Cousin Prissa<sup>1</sup> and myself were sitting at the door; I in a green skirt, dark short gown, &c. Two genteel men of the military order rode up to the door: "Your servant, ladies," &c; ask'd if they cou'd have quarters for Genl. Smallwood. Aunt Foulke thought she cou'd accommodate them as well as most of her neighbours, — said they could. One of the officers dismounted, and wrote

SMALLWOOD'S QUARTERS
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over the door, which secured us from stragglng soldiers. After this he mounted his steed and rode away.

When we were alone our dress and lips were put in order for conquest, and the

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<sup>1</sup> PRISCILLA FOULKE, daughter of William and Hannah, and sister of Caleb, Amos, and Jesse; "Cousin" simply by courtesy, as she was not of kin to Sally. She was born Oct. 3, 1744, and died Jan. 25, 1821, unmarried.—H. M. J.

hopes of adventures gave brightness to each before passive countenance.

Thee must be told of a Dr. Gould,<sup>1</sup> who, by accident, had made an acquaintance with my father,—a sensible, conversible man, a Carolinian,—and had come to bid us adieu on his going to that state. Daddy had prevailed upon him to stay a day or two with us.

<sup>1</sup> DAVID GOULD, of Virginia, was appointed Hospital Surgeon in the Continental Line, September 8, 1777, and Senior Hospital Surgeon in Virginia, October 11, 1779. He died July 12, 1781, "while on his way to Philadelphia to settle his accounts." (Heitman; "American State Papers," xix., 21). Our journalist thus notes his death, in the back part of the book containing her Journal:

"August, 1781. And must I again trace with my pen an account of the death of another of our Northwales friends? The worthy Dr. Gould:—the last scene of his life was clos'd at Hartford [Harford?] in Maryland. Clos'd forever those lips, from which proceeded the most beautiful sentiments, cloath'd in the most elegant expressions. Silent forever that silver tongue, that charm'd the listening audience. Flown to happier regions that heart, where all the social virtues resided, where disappointment shall never enter.

"I hope

"The hand of friendship rais'd his languid head  
 "And smooth'd the pillow of his dying bed.'"

In the evening his Generalship<sup>1</sup> came with six attendants, which compos'd his family, a large guard of soldiers, a number of horses and baggage-waggons. The yard and house were in confusion, and glitter'd with military equipments.

Gould was intimate with Smallwood, and had gone into Jesse's to see him. While he was there, there was great running up and down stairs, so I had an

<sup>1</sup> WILLIAM SMALLWOOD, son of Bayne and Priscilla (Heabard) Smallwood, was born in Maryland in 1732. His father was a merchant and planter, at one time presiding officer of the Court

of Common Pleas, and also a member of the House of Burgesses; his mother was a native of Virginia. At an

early age he was sent to school in England, where he finished his education. On January 2, 1776, he was made Colonel of the Maryland Battalion, and on July 10, with nine companies, he joined Washington in New York. His troops took an active part in the Battle of Brooklyn Heights, and at White Plains. At White Plains he was wounded, and for his gallantry on the occasion Congress appointed him a Brigadier-General, October 23, 1776. He was present at the Battles of Brandywine and Germantown. At the latter place his Maryland troops retrieved the day, and captured part of the enemy's camp. During the winter of

opportunity of seeing and being seen, the former the most agreeable, to be sure. One person, in particular, attracted my notice. He appear'd cross and reserv'd; but thee shall see how agreeably disappointed I was.

Dr. Gould usher'd the gentlemen into our parlour, and introduced them,—  
“Gen'l Smallwood, Capt. Furnival, Major

---

1777-1778 he was stationed at Wilmington, Delaware. He won new laurels in the southern campaign, and received the thanks of Congress. In September, 1780, he was given the rank of Major-General, and remained in the army until the close of the war. In 1785, he was elected to Congress, but in the same year was chosen Governor of Maryland, and served in the latter office until 1788. He then retired to his plantation called “Mattawoman,” on the Potomac, in Charles County, and resided there during the remainder of his life. The registers of Durham Parish show that he took an active part in the vestry meetings. In 1791 his subscription to the Vestry was estimated on three thousand pounds of tobacco, the largest crop in the parish. He died unmarried, February 14, 1792, and is buried on his plantation; his estate passed to collateral heirs. His old Colonial homestead, built of brick, still stands upon a high promontory on the shore of the Potomac. On July 4, 1898, the Sons of the American Revolution erected there a granite monument to his memory.—*Nat. Cyc. of Amer. Bio.*, IX., 292; Heitman; *Md. Journal and Balt. Advertiser*, Feb. 21, 1792.

Stodard, Mr. Prig, Capt. Finley,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Clagan,<sup>2</sup> Col. Wood, and Col. Line." These last two did not come with the Gen'l. They are Virginians, and both indispos'd. The Gen'l and suite are Marylanders.

*E. Finley*

<sup>1</sup> EBENEZER FINLEY, of Maryland, was made Captain of Maryland Artillery, July 4, 1777. This company formed part of the First Continental Artillery, May 30, 1778. In June, 1780, Captain Finley became Department Judge Advocate of the Southern Department, and continued in that office until the close of the war.—Heitman.

<sup>2</sup> HORATIO CLAGETT, of Claggett, son of Thomas Clagett, of "Piscataway," St. George's County, Maryland, served as Ensign of the Third Battalion Maryland Flying Camp, from July to December, 1776.

*Horatio Clagett*

He became First Lieutenant of the third Maryland regiment, December 10, 1776, and Captain, October 10, 1777. He was transferred to the Fifth Maryland, January 1, 1781, and to the Third Maryland, January 2, 1783. He was retained in the Maryland Battalion, April, 1783, and on the 30th of September was given the rank of Brevet-Major. His service in the army continued until November 3, 1783. After the war he went to London, England, married and died there.—Heitman; W. W. Bowie, "Bowies and Their Kindred" (Washington, D. C., 1899), 399.

Be assur'd I did not stay long with so many men, but secur'd a good retreat, heart-safe, so far. Some sup'd with us, others at Jesse's. They retir'd about ten, in good order.

How new is our situation! I feel in good spirits, though surrounded by an Army, the house full of officers, the yard alive with soldiers, — very peaceable sort of men, tho'. They eat like other folks, talk like them, and behave themselves with elegance; so I will not be afraid of them, that I won't.

Adieu. I am going to my chamber to dream, I suppose, of bayonets and swords, sashes, guns, and epaulets.

*Third Day Morn., October 20th.*

I dare say thee is impatient to know my sentiments of the officers; so, while Somnus embraces them, and the house is still, take their characters according to their rank.

The General is tall, portly, well made: a truly martial air, the behaviour and

manner of a gentleman, a good understanding, & great humanity of disposition, constitute the character of Smallwood.

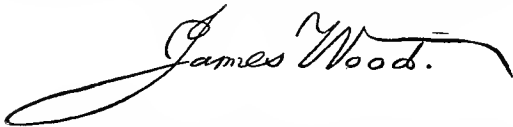
Col. Wood,<sup>1</sup> from what we hear of him and what we see, is one of the most amiable of men; tall and genteel, an agreeable countenance and deportment. These following lines will more fully characterize him:

“How skill’d he is in each obliging art,  
The mildest manners with the bravest heart.”

The cause he is fighting for alone tears

---

<sup>1</sup>JAMES WOOD, born in 1750, was a son of Colonel James Wood, founder of Winchester, Virginia. In 1774 the son was



A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "James Wood." The signature is written in dark ink on a light background. The first letter "J" is large and loops around the rest of the name. The name "James Wood" is written in a fluid, connected hand.

commissioned by Lord Dunmore a Captain of Virginia troops, and in 1775 he was elected to the House of Burgesses from Frederick County, Virginia. In 1776 he was appointed by the House of Burgesses to serve as Colonel of the Twelfth, afterward called the Eighth, Regiment of the Virginia Line, and served until January 1, 1783. In 1783 he was commissioned a Brigadier-General. He was elected Governor of Virginia in 1796. He died at Olney, near Richmond, Virginia, July 16, 1813.—Heitman; Appleton's "Cyc. of Biog."





General William Smallwood



him from the society of an amiable wife and engaging daughter; with tears in his eyes he often mentions the sweets of domestic life.

Col. Line<sup>1</sup> is not married; so let me not be too warm in his praise, lest you suspect. He is monstrous tall & brown, but has a certain something in his face and conversation very agreeable; he entertains the highest notions of honour, is sensible and humane, and a brave officer; he is only seven and twenty years old, but, by a long indisposition and constant fatigue, looks vastly older, and almost worn to a skeleton, but very lively and talkative.

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<sup>1</sup> GEORGE LYNE, of King and Queen County, Virginia, represented his county in the Virginia Assembly in 1775. He received the appointment of Captain of the Virginia State Forces, March 8, 1776; Major of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, November 12, of the same year; Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth Virginia Regiment, September 28, 1777. He resigned from the Army November 14, 1777, and entered the Virginia House of Burgesses, where he continued until 1780. He also served as a member of the Board of War.—Heitman; Journal House of Delegates, Virginia, 1833, Doc. No. 31; Stanard, *Virginia Register*, 199.

Capt. Furnival,<sup>1</sup>—I need not say more of him than that he has, excepting one or two, the handsomest face I ever saw, a very fine person; fine light hair and a great deal of it, adds to the beauty of his face.

Well, here comes the glory, the Major, so bashful, so famous, &c. He shou'd come before the Captain, but néver mind. I at first thought the Major cross and proud, but I was mistaken. He is about nineteen, nephew to the Gen'l, and acts as Major of brigade to him; he cannot

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<sup>1</sup> ALEXANDER FURNIVAL, of Baltimore, Maryland, born about 1752, was made Second Lieutenant of Smith's Independent



Company of Maryland Artillery, January 14, 1776. Later he was raised to the rank of Captain. He retired from the Army in July, 1779. In 1793 he was Postmaster of Baltimore. He died September 14, 1807, at Harmony, Baltimore County, Maryland, in his 55th year; "for many years a respectable inhabitant of this city." — *Federal Gazette and Baltimore Advertiser*, Sept. 17, 1807; Heitman; *Maryland Journal*, November 25, 1793.



Major William Truman Stoddert

▼

▲

be extoll'd for the graces of person, but for those of the mind he may justly be celebrated; he is large in his person, manly, and an engaging countenance and address.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> WILLIAM TRUMAN STODDERT, son of John Truman and Lucy Heabard (Smallwood) Stoddert, was born in 1759, probably on his father's part of the plantation of "Southampton Enlarged," on Pomunkey Creek, Charles County, Maryland. His great-grandfather, James Stoddert, a wealthy planter of "Southampton," Prince George County, who is said to have emigrated from Scotland to Maryland in the latter part of the seventeenth century, made his will (Upper Marlboro, Md., Liber 1, page 153) March 29, 1726 (Probated May 31, 1726), leaving to his son John Stoddert a plantation on Smith's Point.

John Stoddert, born in 1704, and died October 20, 1730, aged 42 years, was married prior to 1730 to Marianna Truman Greenfield, daughter of Thomas Truman Greenfield, of Trent Hall, St. Mary's County, Maryland, by his wife Susanna Cheseldine, daughter of Kenelm Cheseldine and his wife Mary Gerard, daughter of Thomas Gerard, of the noble family of Bromley. Thomas Truman Greenfield was a son of Thomas Greenfield, of Prince George County (a native, as he states in his will, dated 1715, of Gedling, England), by his wife Martha Truman.

John Stoddert, of Charles County, died May 12, 1767, aged 63 years, rich in lands and negroes. In his will (La Plata, Md., A. D. 5, page 364), dated May 6 and probated May 18, 1767, he directs that he be buried beside his deceased wife, "in my own burying Ground without the least shew of pomp or Grandeure more than the presence of a few of my neighbours decently attending my Corpse to its place of Interement and their witnessing its being

Finley is wretched ugly, but he went away last night, so shall not particularize him.

Nothing of any moment to-day; no acquaintance with the officers. Col. Wood and Line and Gould din'd with us. I

Covered with Clay, a Glass of wine may be asked them to Drink without any other Expence. This also my Desire that none of my Children put themselves into a mourning Dress for my Deathe." He leaves to his grandson, William Truman Stoddert, son of his deceased son, John Truman Stoddert, one half of plantation "I now live on," called "South Hampton Enlarged," 500 acres of which "I posse<sup>d</sup> his father John Truman Stoddert with but never Confirmed to him."

John Truman Stoddert, son of John and Marianna Stoddert, and first cousin of Benjamin Stoddert, first Secretary of the Navy, was born July 18, 1732 (Register of St. John's Parish, Prince George County). His wife was Lucy Heabard Smallwood, daughter of Bayne and Priscilla (Heabard) Smallwood, and sister of General William Smallwood of the Revolutionary War. She made her will (La Plata, Md., A. E. 6, page 35), November 2, 1767 (Probated October 22, 1768), and bequeathed her estate to her only child, William Truman Stoddert, appointing her father, Bayne Smallwood, executor. She mentions her sisters, Eleanor and Priscilla Smallwood, Elizabeth Leiper, and Margaret Stoddert.

William Truman Stoddert, thus left an orphan at the age of nine years, was probably brought up in the family of his grandfather, Bayne Smallwood. He attended Philadelphia College, now the University of Pennsylvania, but did not remain to complete the course, leaving the institution in 1776, at the age of seventeen as his son states, to enter the ranks of the patriot army. He



mistaken. He is about nineteen, nephew to the Genl and  
acts as Major of Brigade. To him, he cannot be excelled for the  
graces of person. But for those of the mind he may justly be  
celebrated. He is large in his person manly and <sup>an</sup> engaging  
countenance and address. Friday is stretched rigidly, but he  
went away last night so shall not <sup>partake</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>rest</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>night</sup> <sup>before</sup> <sup>fourth</sup> <sup>day</sup>  
of my moment today. No acquaintance with the officers <sup>found</sup>  
Col Wood and Line and Gould dined with us I was <sup>depressed</sup> <sup>in</sup>  
my strength and looked <sup>worse</sup> <sup>than</sup> <sup>night</sup> <sup>before</sup> <sup>fourth</sup> <sup>day</sup>  
Oct 21<sup>st</sup>. I just now met the Major, very reserved <sup>nothing</sup> <sup>but</sup>  
Good morning or your servant madam. But Fernald is  
most agreeable. He chafes every opportunity but luckily has  
a wife, I have <sup>heard</sup> <sup>strange</sup> <sup>things</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Major</sup>. worth a fortune  
of thirty thousand pounds independent of any body the Major  
more over is vastly bashful. so much so he can hardly look at  
the ladies, (excuse me good sir! really thought <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup>  
not clever if his bashfulness only we w<sup>d</sup> drive that away) <sup>if</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
Saturday and seventhy day <sup>papers</sup> the Genl sits here the Major  
still bashful. first day evening <sup>papers</sup> here amazing things the  
Genl was <sup>invited</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>dine</sup>, was engaged, but Col Wood Line  
Major Stodard and Dr Edwards dined with us. in the afternoon <sup>and</sup>  
embracing himself to mamma. pray ma'm do you know Miss  
Vane Bond <sup>told</sup> <sup>him</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>unlucky</sup> <sup>girl</sup> <sup>death</sup>. This Major has  
been at <sup>Philad</sup> <sup>College</sup>. in the evening I was diverting John  
the <sup>boy</sup> when he drew his chair to the table and began  
to play with the child, I asked him if he knew. A. B. C. me

“The Major.”—I.

Photographed from the original manuscript.

yes

but I have seen her very often one word brought on another and  
 we chatted the greatest part of the evening he said he knew me  
 directly as he seen me. to me exactly where we wid it was  
 now so adieu, second day 26<sup>th</sup> oct. a very rainy morning  
 so like to prove the officers in the house all day. second day afternoon  
 the General and officers drank tea with us. and stay'd in  
 the evening after supper I went into aunts where sat the Gen  
 Col Line and Major Stodard. so liddy and me seated ourselves  
 at the table in order to read a verse book, the offy was holding a  
 candle for the Gen who was reading a newspaper. he looked at  
 us. turn'd away his eyes. look'd again, feel the candle stick & our so  
 up he jump'd out of the door he went. well said I to liddy he  
 will join us when he comes in. presently he return'd and seated  
 himself on the table. pray ladies is there any songs in that bo  
 yes many, cant you join me with a sight of it, no magazines  
 borrow'd book. Miss Sally cant you sing, no, thier may be  
 sure I told the truth there liddy saucy girl told him I said  
 he beg'd and I deny'd. for my voice is not much better than  
 the voice of a raven we talk'd and laugh'd for an hour  
 he is very clever amiable and polite. she has the secret  
 voice never pronounces the R at all. I must tell  
 thee today arriv'd Col Guest and Major Letherby  
 the former a smart widower the latter a lawyer a sensible  
 young fellow and will never swing for want of tongue, ~~and~~  
 the Diggs came second day a mighty disagreeable man.  
 were oblig'd to ask him to tea, he must needs put himself

was dressed in my chintz, and look'd smarter than night before.

*Fourth-Day, Oct. 21st.*

I just now met the Major, very reserv'd ;' nothing but "Good morning,"

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received the appointment of Ensign of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, December 10, 1776. From the early summer of 1777 to May, 1779, although not regularly appointed by the State, he acted as Major of Brigade to his uncle, General William Smallwood, participating in the principal battles of the period. In May, 1779, in the re-arrangement of the Maryland Line, Major Stoddert was regularly appointed First Lieutenant of the Fifth Regiment, General Washington, in a letter dated May 28, 1779, to Governor Johnson of Maryland, stating that "Mr. Stoddert for near Two years [has acted] as a Brigade Major to General Smallwood." (Md. Archives, XXI., 430, 468, 469.)

Under date of January 4, 1780, Sally Wister notes that "the worthy Stodard is much indisposed at his home in " Maryland.

On January 1, 1781, he was transferred to the Fourth Maryland Regiment, in which he served until his retirement, January 1, 1783. (Ibid., XVIII., 522 ; Heitman.)

He was married to Sally Massey, daughter of Rev. Lee Massey, of Fairfax County, Virginia, for many years minister at General Washington's place of worship, Pohick Church, near Mount Vernon, and lived the life of a well-to-do Maryland planter on his estate called "Simpson" at Smith's Point, on the Potomac, in Charles County. His fondness for the hunt is attested by a curious relic that has descended to his great-grandson, Mr. Gustavus Truman Brown, of Washington, D. C. This is an old hunting horn, encircled by silver bands, one of which bears the legend :

or "Your servant, madam"; but Furnival is most agreeable; he chats every opportunity; but luckily has a wife!

I have heard strange things of the Major. Worth a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, independent of anybody;

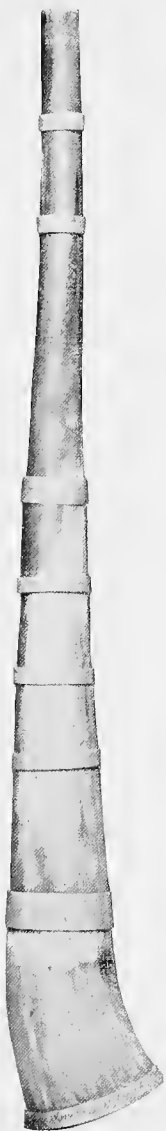
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*"Major William T. Stoddert Durba Hunt from his friend Walter Stone."*

The registers of Durham Parish show that he was an active member of the vestry, and from 1787 until the time of his death made annual contributions of tobacco for the support of the church. In 1791 the amount of his subscription was £3 7s. 6d., his estimated crop of tobacco being 1000 pounds, which was exceeded in the parish only by that of his uncle General Smallwood, who had a crop of 3000 pounds. On April 25, 1791, Major William T. Stoddert, General William Smallwood, and several other gentlemen, were appointed to act in the place of vestrymen to raise a subscription to repair the church and build a vestry house. The last reference to Major Stoddert in the registers is on June 3, 1793, when report is made that a subscription had been received from him.

He died in 1793, his son records, "at the age of 34 from disease caused by the hardships of camp life," and was interred on his plantation of "Simpson." In his will (La Plata, Md., A. K. 11, p. 173), dated April 5, 1789, probated August 17, 1793, in which he states that he is "sick and weak in body," he leaves "my dwelling plantation commonly known by the name of Simpson lying on Potomack River at Smith's Point in Nanjemoy," one moiety of land called "Southampton Enlarged," and all other real and personal estate, in fee simple, to his wife, Sally Stoddert, whom he makes his executor. His inventory,

The Hunting Horn of Major Stoddert.





the Major, moreover, is vastly bashful; so much so he can hardly look at the ladies. (Excuse me, good sir; I really thought you were not clever; if 'tis bashfulness only, we will drive that away.)

Fifth-day, Sixth-day, and Seventh day pass'd. The Gen'l still here; the Major still bashful.

*First-Day Evening.*

Prepare to hear amazing things. The Gen'l was invited to dine, was engag'd; but Col. Wood and Line, Maj<sup>r</sup> Stodard, and Dr. Edwards din'd with us.

In the afternoon, Stodard, addressing himself to mamma, "Pray, ma'am, do

dated October 24, 1793, shows that he owned thirty-two slaves, of which seventeen were at "Smith's Point" and fifteen at "Pomunkey Quarter."

His only child, Major John Truman Stoddert, who was educated at Princeton and represented Maryland in Congress, lived at "Wicomico House," on the estate of West Hatton, Charles County, where he died July 19, 1870, leaving several children, of whom one is Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddert Bowie, the present possessor of West Hatton, and widow of Robert Bowie, son of Governor Bowie, of Maryland.

you know Miss Nancy Bond<sup>1</sup>?" I told him of the amiable girl's death. This major had been to Philad<sup>a</sup> College.<sup>2</sup>

In the evening, I was diverting Johnny<sup>3</sup> at the table, when he drew his chair to it, and began to play with the child. I ask'd him if he knew N. Bond. "No, ma'am, but I have seen her very often." One word brought on another, and we chatted the greatest part of the evening.

<sup>1</sup> NANCY BOND.—"On Monday morning [September 9, 1776] died, and yesterday was interred in Christ-Church Burying-ground, Miss Nancy Bond, second daughter of Dr. Phineas Bond, deceased. She had just completed her 19th year, and possessed so many amiable qualities, both natural and acquired, that she was truly dear to all her acquaintance, and peculiarly the delight of her nearest relatives in her private and domestic life."—*Pennsylvania Gazette*, September 18, 1776.

<sup>2</sup> Now the University of Pennsylvania.

<sup>3</sup> JOHN WISTER, Sally's infant brother, was born March 20, 1776, and died December 12, 1862. He was married in 1798 to Elizabeth Harvey, of Bordentown, New Jersey, and resided at his

*John Wister*

seat "Vernon," in Germantown.—Wister, "Memoir of Charles J. Wister"; Glenn, "Merion," 277.



He said he knew me directly he saw me. Told me exactly where we liv'd. It rains now, so adieu.

*Second-Day, 26th October.*

A very rainy morning, so like to prove. The officers in the house all day.

*Second-Day Afternoon.*

The General and officers drank tea with us, and stay'd part of the evening. After supper I went into aunt's where sat the Gen'l, Col. Line, and Major Stodard. So Liddy and I seated ourselves at the table in order to read a verse-book.

The Major was holding a candle for the Gen'l, who was reading a newspaper. He look'd at us, turn'd away his eyes, look'd again, put the candlestick down, up he jump'd, out of the door he went.

"Well," said I to Liddy, "he will join us when he comes in."

Presently he return'd, and seated himself on the table.

“Pray, ladies, is there any songs in that book?”

“Yes, many.”

“Can’t you fav<sup>r</sup> me with a sight of it?”

“No, Major, ’tis a borrow’d book.”

“Miss Sally, can’t you sing?”

“No.”

Thee may be sure I told the truth there. Liddy, saucy girl, told him I cou’d. He beg’d and I deny’d; for my voice is not much better than the voice of a raven. We talk’d and laugh’d for an hour. He is very clever, amiable, and polite. He has the softest voice, never pronounces the *R* at all.

I must tell thee, to-day arriv’d Col. Guest<sup>1</sup> and Major Letherberry; the

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<sup>1</sup> MORDECAI GIST, son of Captain Thomas and Susan (Cockey) Gist, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1748. He was educated at St. Paul’s Parish School, Baltimore County, and at



the outbreak of the Revolution was a merchant doing business on Gay Street. At the beginning of the War the young men of Baltimore

formed the Baltimore Independent Company, and in July, 1776,

former a smart widower, the latter a lawyer, a sensible young fellow, and will never swing for want of tongue.

Dr. Diggs<sup>1</sup> came Second-day; a mighty disagreeable man. We were oblig'd to ask him to tea. He must needs prop himself between the Major and me, for which I did not thank him. After I had drank tea, I jump'd from the table, and seated myself at the fire. The M—

elected Gist Captain. He had command of this company until January 14, 1776, when he was appointed Major of a battalion in Smallwood's Maryland Regiment. December 10, 1776, he was made Colonel of the Third Maryland Regiment. In January, 1779, Congress appointed him a Brigadier-General in the Continental Army, and he took command of the Second Maryland Brigade and served to the close of the War. After the Revolution he resided upon a plantation near Charleston, South Carolina, in which city he died, September 12, 1792, and was buried in Old St. Michael's churchyard.

<sup>1</sup>This is doubtless Cole Diggs, of King William County, Virginia (son of William Diggs, of Denbigh), who became Cornet of the First Regiment of Virginia Light Dragoons, December 6, 1776, and Lieutenant, April 7, 1778. He resigned May 4, 1778.—Bland MSS., Cong. Lib., Wash.; MSS. of the Revolution, State Lib., Richmond, Va.; Va. Cal. State Papers, VIII., 164; Heitman; *William and Mary Quart.*, I., 19.

*Cole Diggs*

followed my example, drew his chair close to mine, and entertain'd me very agreeably.

Oh, Debby ; I have a thousand things to tell thee. I shall give thee so droll an account of my adventures that thee will smile. "No occasion of that, Sally," methinks I hear thee say, "for thee tells me every trifle." But, child, thee is mistaken, for I have not told thee half the civil things that are said of us *sweet* creatures at "General Smallwood's Quarters." I think I might have sent the gentlemen to their chambers. I made my adieus, and home I went.

*Third Day Morn.*

A polite "Good morning" from the M——, more sociable than ever. No wonder ; a stoic cou'd not resist such affable damsels as we are.

*Third Day Eve., October 27th.*

We had again the pleasure of the Gen'l and suite at afternoon tea. He





Colonel Mordecai Gist

(the Gen'l, I mean) is most agreeable; so lively, so free, and chats so gaily, that I have quite an esteem for him. I must steel my heart! Capt. Furnival is gone to Baltimore, the residence of his belov'd wife.

The Major and I had a little chat to ourselves this eve. No harm, I assure thee: he and I are friends.

This eve came a parson belonging to the Army. He is (how shall I describe him?) near seven foot high, thin and meagre, not a single personal charm, and very few mental ones. He fell violently in love with Liddy at first sight; the first discover'd conquest that has been made since the arrival of the Gen'l.

Come, shall we chat about Col. Guest? He's very pretty; a charming person; his eyes are exceptional; very stern; and he so rolls them about that mine always fall under them. He bears the character of a brave officer; another admirer of Liddy's, and she is of him.

When will Sally's admirers appear?





*Seventh Day, October 31st.*

A most charming day. I walk'd to the door and received the salutation of the morn from Stodard and other officers. As often as I go to the door, so often have I seen the Major. We chat passingly, as, "A fine day, Miss Sally." "Yes, very fine, Major."

*Seventh Day Night.*

Another very charming conversation with the young Marylander. He seem'd possessed of very amiable manners; sensible and agreeable. He has by his unexceptionable deportment engag'd my esteem.

*First Day Morn.*

Liddy, Betsy, and a T. L., prisoner of this State, went to the Mill. We made very free with some Continental flour. We powder'd mighty white, to be sure. Home we came.

Col. Wood was standing at a window with a young officer. He gave him a

push forward, as much as to say, "Observe what fine girls we have here." For all I do not mention Wood as often as he deserves, it is not that we are not sociable: we are very much so, and he is often at our house, dines or drinks tea with us every day.

Liddy and I had a kind of an adventure with him this morn. We were in his chamber, chatting about our little affairs, and no idea of being interrupted: we were standing up, each an arm on a chest of drawers; the door bang'd open! — Col. Wood was in the room; we started, the colour flew into our faces and crimson'd us over; the tears flew into my eyes. It was very silly; but his coming was so abrupt. He was between us and the door.

"Ladies, do not be scar'd, I only want something from my portmanteau; I beg you not to be disturbed."

We ran by him like two partridges, into mamma's room, threw ourselves into chairs, and reproach'd each other for being



North Chamber, with old Fireplace, Foulke Mansion, 1902



so foolish as to blush and look so silly. I was very much vex'd at myself, so was Liddy. The Col. laugh'd at us, and it blew over.

The Army had orders to march to-day; the regulars accordingly did.<sup>1</sup> Gen'l Smallwood had the command of Militia at that time, and they being in the rear, were not to leave their encampment until Second-day.

Observe how militaryish I talk. No wonder, when I am surrounded by people of that order.

The Gen'l, Colonels Wood, Line, Guest, Crawford, Majors Stodard and Letherberry, din'd with us to-day. After dinner Liddy, Betsy, and thy smart journalizer, put on their bonnets determined to take a walk.

We left the house. I naturally look'd back; when, behold, the two majors seem'd debating whether to follow us or not. Liddy said, "We shall have their attendance"; but I did not think so.

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<sup>1</sup>This was the movement to Whitemarsh.

They open'd the gate, and came fast after us. They overtook us about ten pole from home, and beg'd leave to attend us. No fear of a refusal.

They enquir'd where we were going. "To neighbour Roberts's. We will introduce you to his daughters; you us to Gen'l Stevens."

The affair was concluded, and we shortened the way with lively conversation.

Our intention of going to Roberts's was frustrated; the rain that had fall'n lately had rais'd Wissahickon too high to attempt crossing it on foot. We alter'd the plan of our ramble, left the road, and walk'd near two miles thro' the woods.

M. Letherberry, observing my locket, repeated with the energy of a comedian—

"On her white neck a sparkling cross she wore,  
That Jews might kiss or infidels adore."

I repli'd my trinket bore no resemblance to a cross.

"'Tis something better, ma'am."

'Tis nonsense to pretend to recount



The Wissahickon, near Foulke Mansion, Pencil n. 1902





all that was said ; my memory is not so obliging ; but it is sufficient that nothing happen'd during our little excursion but what was very agreeable and entirely consistent with the strictest rules of politeness & decorum.

I was vex'd a little at tearing my muslin petticoat. I had on my white whim, quite as nice as a First-day in town. We returned home safe.

Smallwood, Wood, and Stodard drank tea with us, and spent the greatest part of the evening.

I declare this Genl is very, very entertaining, so good natur'd, so good humour'd, yet so sensible ; I wonder he is not married. Are there no ladies form'd to his taste ?

Some people, my dear, think that there's no difference between good nature and good humour ; but, according to my opinion, they differ widely. Good nature consists in a naturally amiable and even disposition, free from all peevishness and fretting. It is accompanied by a natural

gracefulness,—a manner of doing and saying everything agreeably; in short, it steals the senses and captivates the heart. Good humour consists in being pleas'd, and who wou'd thank a persón for being cheerful, if they had nothing to make them otherways. Good humour is a very agreeable companion for an afternoon; but give me good nature for life.

Adieu.

*Second Day Morn, November 1st.*<sup>1</sup>

To-day the Militia marches, and the Gen'l and officers leave us. Heigh ho! I am very sorry; for when you have been with agreeable people, 'tis impossible not to feel regret when they bid you adieu, perhaps forever. When they leave us we shall be immur'd in solitude.

The Major looks dull.

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<sup>1</sup> Second day—Monday—was November 3d. The dates here are two days wrong, and as the reader may perceive for himself, are inconsistent with those heretofore given, which were one day wrong.—H. M. J.

*Second Day Noon.*

About two o'clock the Gen. and Major came to bid us adieu. With daddy and mammy they shook hands very friendly ; to us they bow'd politely.

Our hearts were full. I thought Major was affected.

"Good-bye, Miss Sally," spoken very low. He walk'd hastily and mounted his horse. They promised to visit us soon.

We stood at the door to take a last look, all of us very sober.

The Major turn'd his horse's head, and rode back, dismounted.

"I have forgot my pistols," pass'd us, and ran upstairs.

He came swiftly back to us, as if wishing, through inclination, to stay ; by duty compell'd to go. He remounted his horse.

"Farewell, ladies, till I see you again," and canter'd away.

We look'd at him till the turn in the road hid him from our sight. "Amiable major," "Clever fellow," "Good young man," was echo'd from one to the other.

I wonder whether we shall ever see him again. He has our wishes for his safety.

Well, here's Uncle Miles.<sup>1</sup> Heartily glad of that am I. His family are well, and at Reading.

*Second Day Even.*

Jesse, who went with the Gen'l, return'd. I had by him a letter from my

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<sup>1</sup> SAMUEL MILES, as he records in his autobiography, was born of Welsh ancestry, March 11, 1739, in Whitemarsh, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. In his sixteenth year he



joined a company of militia and took part in the defence of Northampton County against the depredations of hostile Indians. In 1758 he accompanied the expedition against Fort Duquesne, and in 1760 was advanced to the command of a company. At the close of the war, he was married, February 16, 1761, to Catharine Wister, daughter of John Wister, the emigrant. He located in Philadelphia, where, he says, he engaged "principally in the rum and wine trade, but part of the time in the dry goods business also." In 1766 he became a warden and three years later a commissioner of the city. He was elected a member of Assembly in 1772, and in 1775. In 1774 he removed to Montgomery County, having purchased a plantation near Spring



Colonel Samuel Miles



dear Polly Fishbourn.<sup>1</sup> She is at George Emlen's. Headquarters is at their house. We had compliments from the Gen'l and Major. They are very well disposed of at Evan Meredith's, six miles from here.

Mills. He served as a member of the Council of Safety until the spring of 1776, when he took command of a regiment formed in Montgomery county. At the battle of Long Island he bore himself with gallantry, but was made a prisoner. During his imprisonment he was appointed a Brigadier-General by the Pennsylvania Council of Safety, but on his release he says, "As I could not obtain in the army the rank that my appointment of December, 1776, entitled me to, I remained upon my farm." In 1778 he was appointed Auditor of Public Accounts, and later became Quartermaster-General of Pennsylvania, serving until 1782. He then retired from the service, and engaged in sugar refining. He was made a judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals in 1783; a member of the Council of Censors of Philadelphia in 1787; a member of the Executive Council of the city in 1788 and 1790; an alderman in 1789; and Mayor of Philadelphia in 1790. In 1793 he removed with his family to a farm in Cheltenham, Montgomery County, where he died December 29, 1805. He owned much land in Centre County, and laid out the town of Milesburg. His autobiography (printed in *American Historical Record*, II., 49-53, 114-118) and other manuscripts are in possession of F. Potts Green, Esq., of Bellefonte, Pa.

<sup>1</sup>MARY FISHBOURNE,  
daughter of William  
and Mary (Talman)

*Polly Fishbourn*  
Fishbourn, was born in Philadelphia, February 9, 1760, and died there, September 21, 1842. She was married January 3, 1787,

I wrote to Polly by Uncle Miles, who waited upon Gen'l Washington next morn.

*Third Day Morn, November 2d.*

It seems strange not to see our house as it used to be. We are very still. No rattling of waggons, glittering of musquets. The beating of the distant drum is all we hear.

Cols. Wood, Line, Guest and M. Letherberry are still here; the two last

by Friends' ceremony to Dr. Samuel Powell Griffiths, a distinguished physician of Philadelphia, son of William and Abigail (Powell) Griffiths. Dr. Griffiths was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with the degree of A.B., in 1780; and the degree of M.D., in 1781. He then proceeded to Europe and studied medicine in Paris, London and Edinburgh. From 1791 to 1796 he held the chair of *Materia Medica* in the University of Pennsylvania. He was born July 21, 1759, and died May 12, 1826.

Susanna Dillwyn, of Burlington, in writing to her father William Dillwyn, then in London, under date of Nov. 23, 1786, says: "It is said that Doctor Griffiths will go to the next monthly meeting with Polly Fishbourne, sister to George Emlen's wife—who it was thought he address'd before he went to Europe." And later, March 13, 1787, she writes: "I believe I told thee that Doctor Griffiths had or was to pass meeting—he was married about two months since to Polly Fishbourn, a very deserving young woman—few matches have met with such general



leave us to-day. Wood and Line will soon bid us adieu. Amiable Wood; he is esteem'd by all that know him! Everybody has a good word for him.

Here I skip a week or two, nothing of consequence occurring. Wood & Line are gone. Some time since arriv'd two officers, Lieutenant Lee and Warring,<sup>1</sup> Virginians. I had only the salutations of the morn from them.

Lee is not remarkable one way or the other; Warring an insignificant piece enough. Lee sings prettily, and talks a great deal; how good turkey hash and fry'd hominy is—(a pretty discourse to entertain the ladies),—extols Virginia and execrates Maryland, which, by-the-by,

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approbation. The Doctor is highly esteem'd, and everybody seem'd pleased that he was likely to be happily settled—they live in Walnut street next to S. Lewis."—Dr. Robert C. Moon, "Morris Genealogy," 609-611; R. F. Stone, "Physicians and Surgeons," 190-191; Dillwyn MSS.

<sup>1</sup> HENRY WARING, of Virginia, became Ensign of the Seventh Virginia, March 5, 1776; Second Lieutenant, October 10 of the same year; First Lieutenant, October 10, 1777; was transferred to Fifth Virginia, September 14, 1778. He resigned October 18, 1779.—Heitman.

I provok'd them to ; for though I admire both Virg<sup>a</sup> and Mary<sup>d</sup>, I laugh'd at the former and prais'd the latter. Ridiculed their manner of speaking. I took great delight in teasing them. I believe I did it sometimes ill-natur'dly ; but I don't care. They were not, I am certain almost, first-rate gentlemen. (How different from our other officers.) But they are gone to Virginia, where they may sing, dance, and eat turkey hash and fry'd hominy all day long, if they choose.

Nothing scarcely lowers a man in my opinion more than talking of eating, what they love and what they hate. Lee and Warring were proficients in this science. Enough of them !

*December 5th, Sixth Day.<sup>1</sup>*

Oh, gracious ! Debby, I am all alive with fear. The English have come out to attack (as we imagine) our army. They are on Chestnut Hill, our army three

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<sup>1</sup> The dates are now accurate ; December 5th fell on Sixth-day, Friday.—H M. J.

miles this side.<sup>1</sup> What will become of us, only six miles distant?

We are in hourly expectation of an engagement. I fear we shall be in the midst of it. Heaven defend us from so dreadful a sight. The battle of Germantown, and the horrors of that day, are recent in my mind. It will be sufficiently dreadful if we are only in hearing of the firing, to think how many of our fellow-creatures are plung'd into the boundless ocean of eternity, few of them prepar'd to meet their fate. But they are summon'd before an all-merciful Judge, from whom they have a great deal to hope.

*Seventh Day, December 6th.*

No firing this morn. I hope for one more quiet day.

*Seventh Day; 4 o'clock.*

I was much alarm'd just now, sitting in the parlour, indulging melancholy reflec-

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<sup>1</sup> This was Howe's famous demonstration against Washington's position at Whitemarsh, which was fully expected to be a general battle. The British left the city December 4th.—H. M. J.

tions, when somebody burst open the door, "Sally, here's Major Stodard!"

I jumped. Our conjectures were various concerning his coming. The poor fellow, from great fatigue and want of rest, together with being expos'd to the night air, had caught cold, which brought on a fever. He cou'd scarcely walk, and I went into aunt's to see him.

I was surpris'd. Instead of the lively, alert, blooming Stodard, who was on his feet the instant we enter'd, he look'd pale, thin, and dejected, too weak to rise. A bow, and "How are you, Miss Sally?"

"How does thee do, Major?"

I seated myself near him, inquir'd the cause of his indisposition, ask'd for the Gen'l, receiv'd his compliments. Not willing to fatigue him with too much chat, I bid him adieu.

To-night Aunt Hannah Foulke, Senr,<sup>1</sup> administer'd something. Jesse assisted him to his chamber. He had not lain

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<sup>1</sup> Hannah Foulke, widow of William.

down five minutes before he was fast asleep. Adieu. I hope we shall enjoy a good night's rest.

*First Day Morn, December 7th.*

I trip'd into aunt's. There sat the Major, rather more like himself. How natural it was to see him.

“Good morning, Miss Sally.”

“Good morrow, Major, how does thee do to-day?”

Major: “I feel quite recover'd.”

Sally: “Well, I fancy this indisposition has sav'd thy head this time.”

Major: “No, ma'am; for if I hear a firing,<sup>1</sup> I shall soon be with them.” That was heroic.

About eleven, I dress'd myself, silk and cotton gown. It is made without an apron. I feel quite awkwardish, and prefer the girlish dress.

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<sup>1</sup> Though no firing seems to have been heard, it was on this day that two severe skirmishes occurred between the armies—one on Edge Hill, near Mooretown, and the other in Cheltenham, probably near Shoemakertown. There were a number killed, and many wounded.—H. M. J.

*First Day Afternoon.*

A Mr. Seaton<sup>1</sup> and Stodard drank tea with us. He and I had a little private chat after tea.

In the eve, Seaton went into aunt's; mamma went to see Prissa, who is poorly; papa withdrew to talk to some strangers. Liddy just then came in, so we engag'd in an agreeable conversation.

I beg'd him to come and give us a circumstantial account of the battle, if there should be one.

“I certainly will, ma'am, if I am favor'd with life.”

Liddy, unluckily, took it into her head to blunder out something about a person being in the kitchen who had come from the army.

Stodard, ever anxious to hear, jump'd up. “Good night to you, Ladies,” was the word, and he disappeared, but not forever.

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<sup>1</sup> ALEXANDER SEATON, of Virginia, was appointed Regimental Quartermaster of Grayson's Additional Continental Regiment, May 24, 1777, and resigned December 20, of the same year.—Heitman.



The Dining Room, Foulke Mansion, Penlllyn, 1902





“Liddy, thee hussy; what business had thee to mention a word of the army? Thee sees it sent him off. Thy evil genius prevail’d, and we all feel the effects of it.”

“Lord bless me,” said Liddy, “I had not a thought of his going, or for ten thousand worlds I wou’d not have spoke.” But we cannot recall the past.

Well, we laugh’d and chatted at a noisy rate, till a summons for Liddy parted us. I sat negligently on my chair, and thought brought on thought, and I got so low spirited that I cou’d hardly speak. The dread of an engagement, the dreadful situation (if a battle shou’d ensue) we should be in, join’d to my anxiety for P. Fishbourn and family,<sup>1</sup> who would be in the midst of the scene, was the occasion.

And yet I did not feel half so frighten’d as I expected to be. ’Tis amazing how we get reconciled to such things. Six months ago the bare idea of being within

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<sup>1</sup> The FISHBOURNES, as mentioned later in the Journal, were living near Whitemarsh.

ten, aye twenty miles, of a battle, wou'd almost have distracted me. And now, tho' two such large armies are within six miles of us, we can be cheerful and converse calmly of it. It verifies the old proverb, that "Use is second nature."

I forgot one little piece of intelligence, in which the girls say I discover'd a particular partiality for our Marylanders, but I disclaim anything of the kind. These saucy creatures are forever finding out wonders, and forever metamorphosing mole-hills into mountains.

" Friendship I offer, pure and free ;  
And who, with such a friend as ME,  
Could ask or wish for more ? "

" If they charg'd thee with vanity,  
Sally, it wou'd not be very unjust."  
Debby Norris<sup>1</sup>! be quiet; no reflections,

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<sup>1</sup> DEBORAH NORRIS, daughter of Charles and Mary (Parker) Norris, and a descendant of Isaac Norris, Governor Thomas Lloyd, and other leading and distinguished men of the Quaker governing class, was born October 19, 1761, in the Norris mansion, on the site of the present Custom House, at Fifth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. Her

*D. Norris*

or I have done. "But the piece of intelligence, Sally!" "[It] is just coming, Debby.

In the afternoon we distinctly heard platoon firing. Everybody was at the door; I in the horrors. The armies, as we judg'd, were engag'd.

Very compos'dly says the Major to our servant, "Will you be kind enough to saddle my horse? I shall go!"

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father having died when she was four years of age, she was carefully brought up by her mother, a Quakeress of much refinement and culture. She received her education at Anthony Benezet's School for Girls, and was so full of life and vivacity that the gentle Benezet was often perplexed to know how to curb the spirit of mischief in her; but it is said that when he appealed to her sense of honor he never failed to meet with a response. It was at school that she met Sally Wister, and formed that warm friendship of which we have evidence in their writings. After leaving school she continued her studies at home, forming habits of literary occupation that endured throughout her life, and made her one of the most accomplished and gifted women of the period.

She was about fifteen at the time the Declaration of Independence was read from the State House steps in the adjoining square, and she has left an interesting account of how she clambered upon the garden-fence and "distinctly heard the words of that instrument read to the people."

To her mother's house came members of the Continental Congress and other important personages, and the duties that fell to her in aiding to receive these distinguished guests gave her an

Accordingly, the horse was taken from the hospitable quiet barn to plunge into the thickest ranks of war. Cruel change!

Seaton insisted to the Major that the armies were still; "nothing but skirmishing with the flanking parties; do not go."

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admirable training for the high social position that she occupied in later years.

By the middle of the Revolutionary period, as we learn by the chronicles of the time, she had developed into a beautiful and cultivated woman. Anna Rawle, of Philadelphia, afterwards Mrs. John Clifford, in her diary, under date of February 28, 1781, thus writes of her: "The widow Norris and her daughter were here to tea. The latter is a most charming girl; for the united charms of mind and person I don't know such another. Doctor Logan will have a prize in her,—their intended marriage will much disappoint one of the same profession, by what I have heard."

On September 20, 1781, at the age of twenty, Deborah Norris was married to Dr. George Logan, a graduate in medicine from the University of Edinburgh, in 1779, and but recently returned from study and travel in Europe. He was a son of William and Hannah (Emlen) Logan, and a grandson of James Logan, the trusted friend and agent of William Penn, and sometime Governor of Pennsylvania. He was born at the old family seat, Stenton, near Germantown, September 9, 1753, and died April 9, 1821. Soon after their marriage he and his young bride took up their residence at Stenton, and made that their home during the remainder of their lives. Dr. Logan engaged in farming his large estate, and also took a prominent part in political affairs, becoming a leader of the Anti-federal Party, and serving for several years as Senator from Pennsylvania.

We happen'd (we girls, I mean) to be standing in the kitchen, the Maj. passing thro' in a hurry, and I, forsooth, discover'd a strong partiality by saying, "Oh! Major, thee is not going!"

He turn'd around, "Yes, I am, Miss Sally," bow'd, and went into the road; we all pitied him.

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Of these early years of Mrs. Logan's married life we catch interesting glimpses in the letters of Susanna Dillwyn, of Burlington, who writes to her father, William Dillwyn, then in London, under date of April 15, 1789 :

"Debby Logan is generally allow'd to be a very fine woman as well as a very beautiful one—I have not seen her for a long while past, as she confines her whole attention to her family and seldom goes abroad."

Again, a few months later, after a visit to the Logans, Miss Dillwyn writes, September 20, 1789 :

"Debby Logan is acknowledged by every one who sees her, whether they have been used only to the women of our land, or the more highly-polished Europeans, to be one of the most compleatly beautiful and elegant women they have ever seen. She delighted me, I confess, so much that when we came away I could not find words to express the rapture with which I gazed at her."

Here, at the picturesque and dignified old mansion of Stenton, the elegant and cultivated Mrs. Logan drew around her the most eminent and illustrious men and women of the then leading city of the young republic. Among these visitors were John Dickinson; John Randolph, of Roanoke; Timothy Pickering; the learned

The firing rather decreas'd; and after persuasions innumerable from my father and Seaton, and the firing over, he reluctantly agreed to stay. Ill as he was, he would have gone. It show'd his bravery, of which we all believe him possess'd of a large share.

*Second Day, December 8th.*

Rejoice with us, my dear. The British have return'd to the city. Charming

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and witty Portuguese, Abbé Correa; Kosciusko; the French minister, Genêt; Dr. Franklin; Thomas Jefferson, and President Washington.

She was deeply interested in, and had a special knowledge of, the history of Pennsylvania; and it is to her careful collation and preservation of the great collection of Penn and Logan manuscripts that she found in the garret at Stenton, and to her memoranda and reminiscences of persons and events, that we owe much of our knowledge of Colonial history. Two volumes of the "Penn and Logan Correspondence," with her annotations, and one volume, her "Memoir of Dr. George Logan," have been published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Her death occurred February 2, 1839, at Stenton, where she was interred beside her husband in the family burial ground. In the words of her biographer, Mrs. Wister, in "Worthy Women of Our First Century," "Her memory lives on as a tradition of charm and worth, a lovely impersonation of female excellence, a lady of the old school, a pure, ideal Quakeress."

news this.<sup>1</sup> May we ever be thankful to the Almighty Disposer of events for his care and protection of us while surrounded with dangers.

Major went to the army. Nothing for him to do ; so returned.

Third- or Fourth-day, I forget which, he was very ill ; kept his chamber most of the day. In the evening I saw him. He has a violent sore mouth. I pity him mightily, but pity is a poor remedy.

*Fifth Day, December 11th.*

Our Army mov'd, as we thought, to go into winter quarters,<sup>2</sup> but we hear there

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<sup>1</sup> They reached Philadelphia on the evening of this day, plundering the farms between Edge Hill and the city as they marched in.—H. M. J.

<sup>2</sup> Early in the morning of this day, 11th December, the camp at Whitemarsh was broken up, and the Americans marched (doubtless up the Skippack road to Broadaxe, and thence westward) to the ferry at Matson's Ford—now Conshohocken. The weather was cold, no snow had fallen, the roads were frozen, and those of the men who were barefoot left such crimson marks on the ground, that afterward Washington made the statement which has passed into history : “ You might have tracked the army from Whitemarsh to Valley Forge by the blood of their feet.”—H. M. J.

is a party of the enemy gone over Schuylkill; so our Army went to look at them.<sup>1</sup>

I observ'd to Stodard, "So you are going to leave us to the English."

"Yes, ha! ha! ha! leave you for the English."

He has a certain indifference about him sometimes that to strangers is not very pleasing. He sometimes is silent for minutes. One of these silent fits was interrupted the other day by his clasping his hands and exclaiming aloud, "Oh, my God, I wish this war was at an end!"

*Noon.*

The Major gone to camp. I don't think we shall see him again.

Well, strange creature that I am; here have I been going on without giving thee an account of two officers,—one who will

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<sup>1</sup> This was a force under Cornwallis, 3,000 strong, that had gone out to collect food and forage in the Merions, and which, as unexpectedly to themselves as to the Americans, encountered Sullivan, at the head of the latter column, at the ford. There was no battle, however.—H. M. J.



be a principal character; their names are Capt. Lipscomb<sup>1</sup> and a Mr. Tilly<sup>2</sup>; the former a tall, genteel man, very delicate from indisposition, and has a softness in his countenance that is very pleasing, and has the finest head of hair that I ever saw; 'tis a light, shining

<sup>1</sup> REUBEN LIPSCOMB, of Virginia, became First-Lieutenant of the Seventh Virginia Regiment, February 26th, 1776, and Captain, November 28th, of the same year. He was transferred to the



Fifth Virginia, September 14, 1778, and died October 3d following.—  
Journal Va. House of  
Delegates, Doc. No.

81 (Richmond, 1833); Heitman. — Under date of January 4, 1780, Miss Wister thus comments on the deaths of Captains Smallwood and Lipscomb :

“The mild Capt. Smallwood and amiable Lipscomb are no longer inhabitants of this terrestrial world. Snatch'd in the bloom of youth by unrelenting death from all earthly connexions. I experienced a good deal of pleasure in the transient acquaintance I had with these young men—but they are no more. I felt sorry when I heard of their deaths; yet, why lament a fate?—

By thousands envied, and by heaven approv'd  
Rare is the boon to those of longer date  
To live, to die, esteem'd, admir'd, belov'd.”

<sup>2</sup> ROBERT TILLY, of Virginia, was appointed Paymaster of Grayson's Additional Continental Regiment, April 15, 1777. He resigned from the army August 31, 1778.—Heitman.

auburn. The fashion of his hair was this—negligently ty'd and waving down his back. Well may it be said,—

“Loose flow'd the soft redundance of his hair.”

He has not hitherto shown himself a lady's man, tho' he is perfectly polite.

Now let me attempt to characterize Tilly. He seems a wild, noisy mortal, tho' I am not much acquainted with him. He appears bashful when with girls. We dissipated the Major's bashfulness; but I doubt we have not so good a subject now. He is above the common size, rather genteel, an extreme pretty, ruddy face, hair brown, and a sufficiency of it, a very great laugh, and talks so excessively fast that he often begins sentences without finishing the last, which confuses him very much, and then he blushes and laughs; and in short, he keeps me in perpetual good humour; but the creature has not address'd one civil thing to me since he came.

But I have not done with his accom-

plishments yet, for he is a musician,—that is, he plays on the German flute, and has it here.

*Fifth Day Night.*

The family retir'd; take the adventures of the afternoon as they occur'd.

Seaton and Capt. Lipscomb drank tea with us. While we sat at tea, the parlour door was open'd; in came Tilly; his appearance was elegant; he had been riding; the wind had given the most beautiful glow to his cheeks, and blow'd his hair carelessly round his face.

Oh, my heart, thought I, be secure!

The caution was needless, I found it without a wish to stray.

When the tea equipage was remov'd, the conversation turned on politicks, a subject I avoid. I gave Betsy a hint. I rose, she followed, and we went to seek Liddy.

We chatted a few moments at the door. The moon shone with uncommon

splendour. Our spirits were high. I propos'd a walk; the girls agreed. When we reached the poplar tree, we stopp'd. Our ears were assail'd by a number of voices.

“A party of light horse,” said one.

“The English, perhaps; let's run home.”

“No, no,” said I, “be heroines.”

At last two or three men on horseback came in sight. We walked on. The well-known voice of the Major saluted our hearing with, “How do you do, ladies?”

We turn'd ourselves about with one accord. He, not relishing the idea of sleeping on the banks of the Schuylkill, had return'd to the Mill.

We chatted along the road till we reach'd our hospitable mansion. Stodard dismounted, and went into Jesse's parlour. I sat there a half hour. He is very amiable.

Seaton, Lipscomb, Tilly, and my father, hearing of his return, and impatient for

the news, came in at one door, while I made my exit at the other.

I am vex'd at Tilly, who has his flute, and does nothing but play the fool. He begins a tune, plays a note or so, then stops. Well, after a while, he begins again; stops again. "Will that do, Seaton? Hah! hah! hah!"


He has given us but two regular tunes since he arriv'd. I am passionately fond of music. How boyish he behaves.

*Sixth day, December 12th, 1777.*

I ran into aunt's this morn to chat with the girls. Major Stodard join'd us in a few minutes.

I verily believe the man is fond of the ladies, and, what to me is astonishing, he has not discovered the smallest degree of pride. Whether he is artful enough to conceal it under the veil of humility, or whether he has none, is a question; but I am inclined to think it the latter.

I really am of opinion that there are



few of the young fellows of the modern age exempt from vanity, more especially those who are bless'd with exterior graces. If they have a fine pair of eyes they are ever rolling them about; a fine set of teeth, mind, they are great laughers; a genteel person, forever changing their attitudes to show them to advantage. Oh, vanity, vanity; how boundless is thy sway!

But to resume this interview with Major Stodard. We were very witty and sprightly. I was darning an apron, upon which he was pleas'd to compliment me.

“Well, Miss Sally, what would you do if the British were to come here?”

“Do,” exclaimed I; “be frightened just to death.”

He laugh'd, and said he would escape their rage by getting behind the representation of a British grenadier which you have upstairs. “Of all things, I should like to frighten Tilly with it. Pray, ladies, let's fix it in his chamber to-night.”





The "Other Figure"



“If thee will take all the blame, we will assist thee.”

“That I will,” he replied, and this was the plan.

We had brought some weeks ago a British grenadier from Uncle Miles’s on purpose to divert us. It is remarkably well executed, six foot high, and makes a martial appearance. This we agreed to stand at the door that opens into the road (the house has four rooms on a floor, with a wide entry running through), with another figure that would add to the deceit. One of our servants was to stand behind them, others were to serve as occasion offer’d.

After half an hour’s converse, in which we rais’d our expectations to the highest pitch, we parted. If our scheme answers, I shall communicate in the eve. Till then, adieu. ’Tis dining hour.

*Sixth Day Night.*

Never did I more sincerely wish to possess a descriptive genius than I do now.

All that I can write will fall infinitely short of the truly diverting scene that I have been witness to to-night. But, as I mean to attempt an account, I had as well shorten the preface, and begin the story.

In the beginning of the even<sup>g</sup> I went to Liddy and beg'd her to secure the swords and pistols which were in their parlour. The Marylander, hearing our voices, joined us. I told him of my proposal. Whether he thought it a good one or not I can't say, but he approv'd of it, and Liddy went in and brought her apron full of swords & pistols.

When this was done, Stodard join'd the officers. We girls went and stood at the first landing of the stairs. The gentlemen were very merry and chatting on public affairs, when Seaton's negro (observe that Seaton, being indisposed, was appriz'd of the scheme) open'd the door, candle in his hand, and said, "There's somebody at the door that wishes to see you."

"Who? All of us?" said Tilly.

"The Entry" and "The First Landing of the Stairs," Foulke Mansion, 1902





“Yes, sir,” answer’d the boy.

They all rose (the Major, as he afterwards said, almost dying with laughing), and walk’d in to the entry, Tilly first, in full expectation of news.

The first object that struck his view was a British soldier. In a moment his ears were saluted with, “Is there any rebel officers here?” in a thundering voice.

Not waiting for a second word, he darted like lightning out at the front door, through the yard, bolted o’er the fence. Swamps, fences, thorn-hedges,<sup>1</sup> and plough’d fields no way impeded his retreat. He was soon out of hearing.

The woods echoed with, “Which way did he go? Stop him! Surround the house!” The amiable Lipscomb had his hand on the latch of the door, intending to attempt his escape; Stodard, considering his indisposition, acquainted him with the deceit.

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<sup>1</sup> This fixes the fact that the thorn-hedges which for many years divided a number of fields and farms about Penllyn had been planted before the Revolution.—H. M. J.

We females ran down stairs to join in the general laugh. I walked into Jesse's parlour. There sat poor Stodard (whose sore lips must have receiv'd no advantage from this), almost convuls'd with laughing, rolling in an arm-chair. He said nothing; I believe he could not have spoke.

"Major Stodard," said I, "go call Tilly back. He will lose himself,—indeed he will;" every word interrupted with a "Ha! ha!"

At last he rose, and went to the door, and what a loud voice could avail in bringing him back, he tried.

Figure to thyself this Tilly, of a snowy even<sup>g</sup>, no hat, shoes down at heel, hair unty'd, flying across meadows, creeks and mud-holes. Flying from what? Why, a bit of painted wood. But he was ignorant of what it was. The idea of being made a prisoner wholly engross'd his mind, and his last resource was to run.

After a while, we being in rather more composure, and our bursts of laughter less frequent, yet by no means subsided,—in

full assembly of girls and officers,—Tilly enter'd.

The greatest part of my risibility turn'd to pity. Inexpressible confusion had taken entire possession of his countenance, his fine hair hanging dishevell'd down his shoulders, all splashed with mud; yet his fright, confusion and race had not divested him of his beauty.

He smil'd as he trip'd up the steps; but 'twas vexation plac'd it on his features. Joy at that moment was banished from his heart. He briskly walked five or six steps, then stopt, and took a general survey of us all.

“Where have you been, Mr. Tilly?” ask'd one officer. (We girls were silent.)

“I really imagin'd,” said Stodard, “that you were gone for your pistols. I follow'd you to prevent danger,”—an excessive laugh at each question, which it was impossible to restrain.

“Pray, where were your pistols, Tilly?”

He broke his silence by the following expression: “You may all go to the

D——l.” I never heard him utter an indecent expression before.

At last his good nature gain'd a compleat ascendance over his anger, and he join'd heartily in the laugh. I will do him the justice to say that he bore it charmingly. No cowardly threats, no vengeance denounced.

Stodard caught hold of his coat. “Come, look at what you ran from,” and drag'd him to the door.

He gave it a look, said it was very natural, and, by the singularity of his expressions, gave fresh cause for diversion. We all retir'd to our different parlours, for to rest our faces, if I may say so.

Well, certainly, these military folks will laugh all night. Such screaming I never did hear. Adieu to-night.

*Seventh-day Morn, December 13th.*

I am fearful they will yet carry the joke too far. Tilly certainly possesses an uncommon share of good nature, or he could not tolerate these frequent teasings.



Ah, Deborah, the Major is going to leave us entirely—just going. I will see him first.

*Seventh Day Noon.*

He has gone. I saw him pass the bridge. The woods, which you enter immediately after crossing it, hinder'd us from following him farther. I seem to fancy he will return in the even<sup>g</sup>.

*Seventh Day Night.*

Stodard not come back. We shall not, I fancy, see him again for months, perhaps years, unless he should visit Philad<sup>a</sup>. We shall miss his agreeable company.

But what shall we make of Tilly? No civil things yet from him. Adieu to-night, my dear.

*First Day Morn, December 14th.*

The officers yet here. No talk of their departure. They are very lively. Tilly's retreat the occasion; the principal one, however [at least].

*First Day Night.*

Capt. Lipscomb, Seaton, and Tilly, with cousin Hannah Miles,<sup>1</sup> din'd with us to-day. Hannah's health seems establish'd, to our great joy.

Such an everlasting laughter as Tilly I never knew. He caus'd us a good deal of diversion while we sat at table. He has not said a syllable to one of us young ladies since Sixth-day eve. He tells Lipscomb that the Major had the assistance of the ladies in the execution of the scheme. He tells a truth.

About four o'clock I was standing at the door, leaning my head on my hand, when a genteel officer rode up to the gate and dismounted. "Your servant, ma'am," and gave me the compliment of his hat. Walk'd into aunt's.

I went into our parlour. Soon Seaton was call'd. Many minutes had not

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<sup>1</sup> HANNAH MILES, daughter of Colonel Samuel Miles. She married Joseph B. McKean, eldest son of Thomas McKean, Governor of Pennsylvania and Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

elapsed before he entered with the same young fellow whom I had just seen. He introduced him by the name of Capt. Smallwood.<sup>1</sup> We seated ourselves. I then had an opportunity of seeing him.

He is a brother to Gen'l Smallwood. A very genteel, pretty little fellow, very modest, and seems agreeable, but no personal resemblance between him and the Major.

After tea, turning to Tilly, he said,

“So, sir, I have heard you had like to have been made a prisoner last Friday night!”

“Pray, sir, who informed you?”

“Major Stodard was my author.”

“I fancy he made a fine tale of it. How far did he say I ran?”

“Two mile; and that you fell into the mill-dam!”

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<sup>1</sup> HEABARD SMALLWOOD, son of Bayne Smallwood, and brother of General William Smallwood, was made Captain of Grayson's Additional Continental Regiment, March 4, 1777. He resigned from the army, October 6, 1778, and died soon after. (Heitman.) See Sally Wister's remarks upon his death, page 121.

He rais'd his eyes and hands, and exclaimed, "What a confounded falsehood!"

The whole affair was again reviv'd.

Our Tillian Hero gave a mighty droll account of his retreat, as they call it. He told us that after he had got behind our kitchen he stop'd for company, as he expected the others wou'd immediately follow. "But I heard them scream, 'Which way did he go? Where is he?' 'Aye,' said I, to myself, 'he is gone where you shan't catch him,' and off I set again."

"Pray," ask'd mamma, "did thee keep that lane between the meadows?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; that was a large road, and I might happen to meet some of them. When I reach'd yon thorn hedge, I again stop'd. As it was a cold night, I thought I would pull up my shoe heels, and tye my handkerchief round my head. I then began to have a suspicion of a trick, and, hearing the Major hollow, I came back."

man on horseback came in sight, we walked on, the well known voice  
of the Major saluted our hearing with how do you Ladies, we turned  
ourselves about with one accord, he not relishing the idea of sleeping  
on the banks of the Schuykill had returned to the city we chatted along  
the road till we reached our hospitable mansion, Major Steward dismounted  
and went into Fess's parlour. I sat there a half hour, he is very amiable  
Seaton Lepscomb Tilly and my father hearing of his return, and impatient  
for the news, came in at one door while I made my exit at the other  
I am seated at Tilly who <sup>has</sup> his pipe and does the nothing but play the fool  
he begins a tune, plays a note or so then stops, well after awhile he begins  
again, stops again, with that old Seaton La-ha-ha-ha. he has given  
me out two regular tunes since he arrived I am passionately fond of music  
how long he behaves. Sabbath-day Decem<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 1777 I am in  
company this morn. to chat with the girls, Major Steward joined us  
in a few minutes, I verily believe the man is fond of the ladies, and  
what to me is astonishing he has not discovered the smallest degree of  
pride. whether he is artful enough to conceal it under the veil  
of humility or whether he has none is a question, but I am inclined to  
think it the latter. I really am of opinion that there is few of the young  
fellows of the modern age exempt from vanity, more especially those  
who are blessed with exterior graces. if they have a fine pair of eyes  
they are ever rolling them about, a fine set of teeth, mind they are  
great laughers, a genteel person, for ever changing their attitudes to their  
advantage, oh vanity! vanity! how boundless is thy sway!  
but to resume this interview with Major Steward, we were very agreeable  
and sprightly, I was drawing an spoon upon which he was pleased to com-  
ment on. well might I say what would you do if the British were

Tilly and "The British Grenadier."—I.

Photographed from the original manuscript.

to come here so exclaim'd I be fighten'd just so said he laugh'd and said he  
would escape their rage by getting behind the representation of a British Grenadier  
which you have upstair, of all things I should like to fighten Tilly with a  
spray ladies told for it in his chamber tonight, if they will take all the  
blame will about thee, that I will be reply'd, and this was the plan  
we had brought some weeks ago a B. Grenadier, from Uncle Stiles's  
on purpose to overth us. it is remarkably well executed six foot high  
and makes a martial appearance. this we agreed to stand at the door  
that opens into the road, (the house has four rooms on a floor with a side  
entry running through) with another figure that would add to the deceit  
one of our servants was to stand behind them. others were to serve as occasion  
offer'd, after an half hours converse in which we rais'd our expectations  
to the highest pitch we parted, if our scheme answers I shall communicate  
in the use till then given his dining hours. sixth day night, our  
From memory I wish to propose descriptive scenes than I do now, all that I  
can write will fall infinitely short of the true swiftness scene that I  
be witness too to night, but as I mean to attempt an account I had  
as well shorten the preface and begin the story. in the beginning of the evening  
I went to Lady and beg'd her to secure the sword and pistols which were  
in their parlour the spy ladies hearing our voices join'd us I told  
him of my proposal whether he thought a good one or not I can't say but  
he approv'd of it, and Lady went in and brought her apron full of swords  
pistols. when this was done Stodard join'd the officers we girls  
went and stood at the first landing of the stairs. the gentlemen were  
very merry and chattering on public affairs when seaton's steward observe  
the seaton being indispos'd was surpris'd of the scheme) open'd the door  
and in his hand, and said there's somebody at the door that will  
see you. who all of us said Tilly yes yes answer'd the boy, they  
said the Major as he afterward saw almost dying with laughing)

...walked into the entry. Tilly first in full expectation of meeting  
the first object that struck his view was a British Soldier in a moment  
his ears were saluted with, "is there any Rebel officers here" in a thunder-  
ing voice, not waiting for a second word he started like lightning out  
the front door through the yard bolted over the fence swamps and  
thorn hedges and ploughed fields were no way impeded his retreat, he was  
out of hearing the wood echoed with which way did he go stop him surround  
the house, the amiable Libocomb had his hand on the latch of the  
door intending to attempt his escape, Howard considering his impor-  
tation acquainted him with the society, no females ran down stairs  
to join the general laugh. I walked into Selver's parlour there sat poor  
Howard (whose own sore lips must have received no advantage from  
this) almost convulsed with laughing sitting in an arm chair he said  
nothing I believe he could not have spoke Major Howard said I go  
call Tilly back he will lose himself indeed he will, every word interrupted  
with a ha ha, at last he rose and went to the door and what a loud  
voice could avail in bringing him back he tried to figure to himself this  
Tilly of a snowy even, molten glass down at heel, the hair untied flying a  
crook meadows creeks and mudholes flying from what why a bit of  
painted wood but he was ignorant of what it was, the idea of being  
made a prisoner wholly engrossed his mind and his last resource was to run  
after a while we being in rather more composure, and our bursts of laughter  
less frequent yet by no means subsided in full assembly of girls and of  
Tilly entered the greatest part of my visibility turned into pity, unexpressed  
confusion had taken entire possession of his countenance, his fine hair  
hanging dishevelled down his shoulders, all splashed with mud yet his  
bright confusion and face had not divested him of his beauty, he grim-  
aced as he tripped up the steps, but twas vexation placed it on his face  
joy at that moment was banished from his heart. he briskly walked

you been our Tilly? asked one officer (we girls were silent) I really imagined  
said Bidard that you were gone for your frocks & followed you to prevent danger  
an excessive laugh at each question, which it was impossible to restrain  
pray where were your frocks Tilly he broke his silence by the following exclamation  
Dear God may all go to him. D—t I never heard him utter such  
indecent expressions before. We were gained a complete assurance  
of over his anger and he joined heartily in the laugh I will do him the justice  
to say that he bore it charmingly no cowardly threats, no vengeance denounced  
Steward caught hold of his coat some took at your, what you ran from  
and drag'd him to the door. he gave it a look. said it was very natural  
and by the singularity of his expressions. gave fresh cause for diversion, we  
all retired to ~~our~~ different parlours for to rest our faces if I may say so  
well certainly these military folks. will laugh all night, such screaming  
never did hear arise to night, seventh day morn Decem<sup>r</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> I am  
fearful they will yet carry the joke too far. Tilly certainly possesses an un-  
common share of good nature or he could not tolerate these frequent tryings  
at Deborah the Major is going to ~~leave~~ leave us intirely just going I  
will see him first seventh day noon, he was gone I over him ~~left~~ the  
bridge the woods which you enter immediatly after crossing it hinder'd us from  
following him farther. I seem to fancy he will return in the even<sup>g</sup> seventh day  
night Steward not come back. we shall not I fancy see him again for months  
perhaps years. unless he should visit Philada<sup>a</sup> we shall miss his agreeable company  
but what shall we make of Tilly no civil things yet from him. advise to night  
my dear. first day morn Decem<sup>r</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> the officers yet here no talk  
of there departure they are very lively Tillys retreat. the occasion, the principle  
one humor first day night Capt Lipscomb Seaton and Tilly with cows in hand  
other did. with us to stay. Hannahs health seems established to our great joy



I think I did not laugh more at the very time than to-night at the rehearsal of it. He is so good-natured, and takes all their jokes with so good a grace, that I am quite charm'd with him. He laughingly denounces vengeance against Stodard. He will be even with him. He is in the Major's debt, but he will pay him.

*Second-day Even<sup>g</sup>, December 15th.*

Smallwood has taken up his quarters with us. Nothing worth relating occur'd to-day

*3d, 4th and Fifth-day.*

We chatted a little with the officers. Smallwood not so chatty as his brother or nephew. Lipscomb is very agreeable; a delightful musical voice.

*Sixth-day Noon, Dec. 19th.*

The officers, after the politest adieus, have left us. Smallwood and Tilly are going to Maryland,<sup>1</sup> where they live;

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<sup>1</sup> General Smallwood's brigade passed the winter at Wilmington.

Seaton to Virginia; and Lipscomb to Camp, to join his regiment. I feel sorry at their departure, yet 'tis a different kind from what I felt some time since. We had not contracted so great an intimacy with those last.

*Seventh-day, December 20th.*

General Washington's army have gone into winter quarters at the Valley Forge.<sup>1</sup>

We shall not see many of the military now. We shall be very intimate with solitude. I am afraid stupidity will be a frequent guest.

After so much company, I can't relish the idea of sequestration.

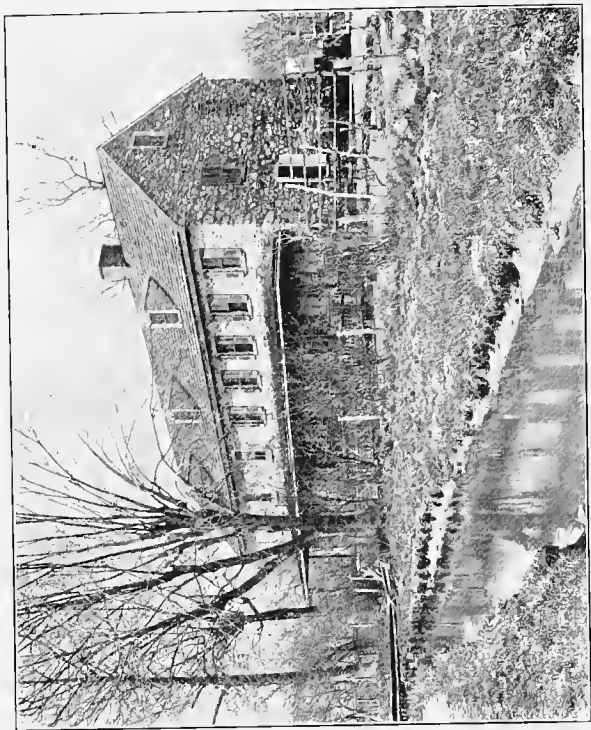
*First-day Night.*

A dull round of the same thing over again. I shall hang up my pen till something offers worth relating.

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<sup>1</sup> The Army marched to Valley Forge on the 19th of December, 1777.





Emlen House, "Whitemarsh," now Camp Hill, Pa., 1902

*February Third or Fourth, I for [get which?]*

I thought I shou'd never have anything to say again. Nothing happen'd all January that was uncommon. Capt. Lipscomb and Mos (?)<sup>1</sup> stay'd one night at Jesse's; sup'd with us. How elegant the former was dres'd and how pretty he look'd.

Indeed I have forgot to keep an exact account of the day of the month in which I went down to George Emlen's with P. Fishbourn, but it was the 23d or 24th of February (?).<sup>2</sup> After enjoying a week of her agreeable company at the Mill, I

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<sup>1</sup> This name is difficult to decipher, but it is probably Moss. One Henry Moss, of Virginia, was appointed Second-Lieutenant of the Second Virginia Regiment, January 13, 1777; First-Lieutenant, July 11, 1777. He was taken prisoner at Charleston, May 12, 1780, and was exchanged in April, 1781. In 1781 he was raised to the rank of captain, and served to the end of the war.—Heitman.

<sup>2</sup> The name of the month is not decipherable with any certainty. It might be taken to be "January," but this is even harder to reconcile with the other dates than the reading given in the text.

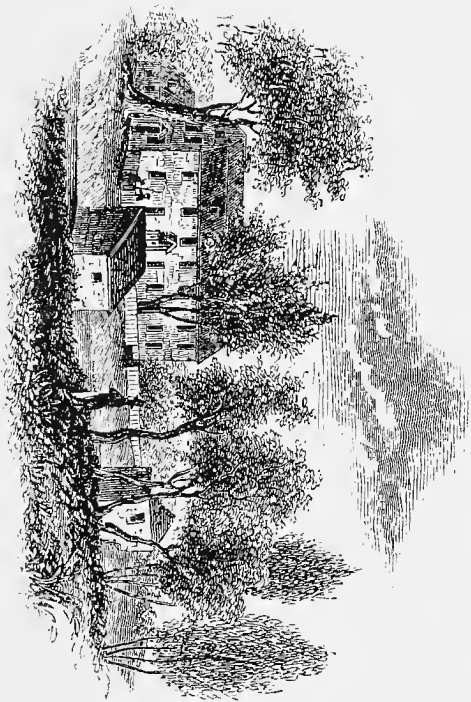
returned with her to Whitemarsh. We went on horseback, the roads bad. We however surmounted this difficulty, and arrived there safe.

Frd. Fishbourn<sup>1</sup> and P. Talman<sup>2</sup> were

<sup>1</sup> MARY FISHBOURNE, widow of William Fishbourne. She was a daughter either of Benjamin Talman, of Mansfield, New Jersey, or of James Talman, of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, probably the former. She was born about 1726, and died October 9, 1781, in her 55th year. The *Pennsylvania Gazette* says of her: "In her social character she was a kind neighbour and a warm friend. In her political one she bore a steady and zealous regard to the rights of her country."

She was married November 8, 1749, probably at Chesterfield Meeting, New Jersey, to William Fishbourne, of Philadelphia, son of William and Hannah (Carpenter) Fishbourne. He was born December 2, 1715, and died September 6, 1777. They had the following children: I. Elizabeth, b. Sept., 1752, d., Phila., April 24, 1826, m., Dec. 7, 1774, Thomas Wharton, Jr., President of the Supreme Executive Council (acting Governor of Penna.), b. 1735, died at Lancaster, Pa., May 22, 1778; II. Hannah; III. Sarah, m. George Emlen; IV. Benjamin, b. Jan. 4, 1759, m. Anne Ware; V. Mary, m. Dr. Samuel Powell Griffitts; VI. Thomas; VII. William.—*Hildeburn MSS., Hist. Soc. Pa.*

<sup>2</sup> This was probably a kinswoman, Polly Talman. In a letter to Sally Wister, dated Philadelphia, September 4, 1795, Polly (Fishbourne) Griffitts writes that "Cousin Polly T. is in Jersey." One Mary Talman, of Phila., who made her will in 1804, appointed her cousins, Thomas F. and Fishbourne Wharton, executors.



Emlen House, at "Whitemarsh," in 1848





there. It gave me great pleasure to see people whom I esteem after so very long an absence. We spent an agreeable afternoon. In the even<sup>g</sup> Frd. F. and P. T. return'd to their home about a mile or two distant.

*Second-day Eve.*

G. E. brought us a charming collection of books, — “Joe Andrews,”<sup>1</sup> “Juliet Grenville,”<sup>2</sup> and some *Lady's Magazines*.<sup>3</sup> P. T. sent us “Caroline Melmoth.”<sup>4</sup>

*Third-day, February 25th.*

Rose between eight and nine, breakfasted, read & worked by turns, chatted agreeably. I think Sally Emlen is one

<sup>1</sup> “The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams,” Henry Fielding’s famous novel, is a typical specimen of the racy literature of that day.

<sup>2</sup> “Juliet Grenville; or, the history of the human heart,” a novel, by Henry Brooke, London, 1774. 3 vols. Reprinted in Philadelphia the same year in 2 vols.

<sup>3</sup> “*The Lady's Magazine; or, Entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex, Appropriated solely to their Use and Amusement.*” “London: Printed for G. Robinson. N<sup>o</sup> 25 Pater-noster Row.” First published in 1742.

<sup>4</sup> “Miss Melmoth; or, the new *Clarissa*,” is evidently the title intended.

of the most beautiful women I ever saw, agreeable, affable, sensible in the true sense of the words. Her conversation is so very lively and diverting that were her personal attractions less than they are she cou'd not fail of being belov'd. She has one lovely daughter.

*Third-day Even.*

This day Mrs. and Miss West visited here. I did not feel in a humour capable of entertaining or being entertain'd, so I sat very still. Spent the eve in reading and chatting of the past, present and future.

We talk of going to frd. Fishbourn's to-morrow.

*Fourth-day, 26th.*

I thought this morn that our scheme of going to Fr'd F. was entirely frustrated, as S. Emlen was much indispos'd with the headache. About twelve she got better. We made some alterations in our dress, step'd into the carriage, and rode off. Spent a most delightful day.



Mrs. George Emlen



As we approach'd the house, on our return, we perceiv'd several strangers in the parlour. Polly's face and mine brighten'd up at the discovery. We alighted. Polly swung open the door, and introduc'd me to Major Jameson<sup>1</sup> & Capt. Howard, both of the dragoons, the former from Virginia, the latter a Marylander.

We all seem'd in the penseroso style till after supper. We then began to be rather more sociable. About ten they bid us adieu.

I dare say thee is impatient to know my sentiments of the swains. Howard has very few external charms; indeed, I

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<sup>1</sup>JOHN JAMESON, of Culpepper County, Virginia, was made Captain in the First Regiment of Virginia Light Dragoons, June 16th, 1776; Major, March 31st, 1777. After the

*John Jameson*

Revolution he served for many years as clerk of Culpepper County.—Bland MSS., Cong. Lib., Wash.; Rev. MSS., State Lib., Richmond; Cal. State Papers, Va., 1V., VI.

cannot name one. As to his internal ones, I am not a judge. Jameson is tall and manly, a comely face, dark eyes and hair. Seems to be much of a gentleman. No ways deficient in point of sense, or, at least, in the course of the even<sup>g</sup>, I discover'd none.

Fifth- and Sixth-day, and 7th-day pass'd away very agreeably. No strangers.

*First-day Eve.*

This morn my charming friend and self ascended the barren hills of White-marsh, from the tops of which we had an extensive prospect of the country round. The traces of the Army which encamp'd on these hills are very visible,—ragged huts, imitations of chimneys, and many other ruinous objects, which plainly show'd they had been there. D. J. Shoemaker dined with us.

*Second Day.*

Very cold and windy. I wonder I am not sent for. Read and work'd by turns.



View from "the barren hills of White Marsh," now Camp Hill, 1902





*Third Day.*

A raw, snowy day. I am sent for, nevertheless. Adieu.

*North Wales, at my old habitation at the Mill.*

*March 1st, 1778, Third Day Eve.*

Such a ride as I have had, O dear Debby(?).<sup>1</sup> About 2 o'clock the sleigh came for me. Snowing excessively fast, though not sufficiently deep to make it tolerable sleighing; but go I must. I bid adieu to my agreeable frds, and with a heavy heart & flowing eyes, I seated myself in the unsociable vehicle.

There might as well have been no snow on the ground. I was jolted just to pieces. But, notwithstanding these vexations, I got safe to my home, when I had the great pleasure of finding my dear parents, sisters and brother well, a blessing which I hope ever to remember with thankfulness.

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<sup>1</sup> Not legible.

Well, will our nunnery be more bearable now than before I left it? No beaus since I left here, so I have the advantage of the girls. They are wild to see Major Jameson.

May 11th, 1778.

The scarcity of paper, which is very great in this part of the country, and the three last months producing hardly anything material, has prevented me from keeping a regular account of things; but to-day the scene begins to brighten, and I will continue my nonsense.

In the afternoon, we were just seated at tea,—Dr. Moore<sup>1</sup> with us. Nelly (our girl) brought us the wonderful intelligence that there were light horse in the road.

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<sup>1</sup> DR. CHARLES MOORE, of Montgomery Square, Montgomery County, son of Richard and Margaret (Preston) Moore, was born March 25, 1724. He was graduated in medicine at the University



of Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1752, his thesis entitled *De Usu Vesicantium in Febribus* being printed

in Edinburgh the following year. On his return to Pennsylvania he brought a certificate of removal dated March 29, 1753, from



Old Mantel and Fireboard,  
Emlen House, "Whitemarsh," now Camp Hill, 1902



The tea-table was almost deserted. About 15 light horse were the vanguard of 16 hundred men under the command of Gen'l Maxwell.<sup>1</sup> I imagin'd that they

the Monthly Meeting of Friends in Edinburgh to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, which states that in 1751 he had gone to London, but had returned again to Edinburgh, "where he Resided about one year Longer Closely followed the Business he came hither for, gave content to all ye Professors of ye Colleges, who conferred a Diploma upon Him."

In 1767 he was married, contrary to the order of Friends, to his cousin, Milcah Martha Hill, and settled at Montgomery Square, where he practiced his profession. He died without issue, at his residence, August 19, 1801, and was buried in Friends' burial ground at North Wales or Gwynedd.—Keith's "Councillors," 74; John Jay Smith, "Letters of Hill Family"; *American Daily Advertiser*, August 24, 1801; Jos. Smith, Sup. Cat. Friends' Books; Dr. Thomas G. Morton, "History Pennsylvania Hospital," 490.

<sup>1</sup> WILLIAM MAXWELL, eldest son of John and Anne Maxwell, was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, about 1733. At an early



W. Maxwell Briggens

age he came with his parents to New Jersey. He became a soldier in the French and Indian War, in 1758, establishing a good record for gallantry and skill, and was almost constantly

wou'd pass immediately by, but I was agreeably disappointed. My father came in with the Gen'l, Col. Broadhead,<sup>1</sup> Major

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in military service thereafter until the summer of 1780. In 1774 he was a member of the committee that appointed the New Jersey delegates to the general Congress, and in 1775 and 1776 he represented Sussex County in the New Jersey Provincial Congress. When the Revolution opened he was made Colonel of the Second New Jersey Regiment, November 8, 1775. He was promoted to be Brigadier-General, October 23, 1776. At the head of a New Jersey brigade he fought bravely at Brandywine and Germantown, and spent the winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge. At the battle of Monmouth he contributed largely to the success of the American forces. In 1779 he served under General Sullivan in the latter's expedition against the Indians. He resigned from the Army July 5, 1780. "I believe him to be," wrote Washington, July 20, 1780, "an honest man, a warm friend to his country, and firmly attached to her interests." He died in Sussex County, New Jersey, November 4, 1796, and was buried in the graveyard of the First Presbyterian Church in Greenwich Township, Sussex County.—Hist. Sussex Co., N. J., 61, 62; Amer. Hist. Rec., II., 325, 423; Nat. Cyc. Bio., I., 73; Heitman.

<sup>1</sup> DANIEL BRODHEAD was a native of the State of New York. In 1771 he removed to Reading, Pennsylvania, where he was commissioned a Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions and of the

Court of Common Pleas on July 9th of that year. In 1773, he was appointed Deputy Surveyor-

General under John Lukens. From the beginning to the end of the Revolution he was actively engaged in military service. He



Colonel Daniel Brodhead

Captain Cadwallader Jones<sup>1</sup>—if I was not invincible, I must have fallen a victim to this man's elegancies, but (thank my good fortune, I am not made of susceptibilities),—tall, elegant and handsome,—white fac'd, with blue regimentals, and a mighty airish cap and white crest; his behaviour is refin'd—a Virginian. They sat a few minutes after tea, then bid us adieu.

This brigade is encamp'd about three miles from us.

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he studied law; and in 1801 he was elected to the United States Senate from New Jersey. In 1812 he was made Governor of New Jersey. From 1829 until his death he was President-General of the Society of the Cincinnati. He died April 19, 1839, at Elizabethtown, New Jersey.—Nat. Portrait Gallery (Phila., 1834), I.; Nat. Cyc. Bio., V., 203.

<sup>1</sup> CADWALLADER JONES, of Virginia, received his appointment as Captain of the Third Continental Dragoons, February 6th, 1777,



He served three years in the war.—Heitman; Journal House of Delegates, Va., for 1833, Doc. 30; Cal. State Papers, Va., 11., 370, 400.





Major Aaron Ogden



*First Day Evening.*

This afternoon has been productive of adventures in the true sense of the word. Jenny Roberts, Betsy, Liddy, and I, very genteelly dress'd, determin'd to take a stroll. Neighbor Morgan's was propos'd and agreed to. Away we rambled, heedless girls. Pass'd two picket guards. Meeting with no interruptions encourag'd us.

After paying our visit, we walked towards home, when, to my utter astonishment, the sentry desir'd us to stop; that he had orders not to suffer any persons to pass but those who had leave from the officer, who was at the guard house, surrounded by a number of men. To go to him would be inconsistent with propriety; to stay there, and night advancing, was not clever.

I was much terrified. I try'd to persuade the soldier to let us pass. "No; he dared not." Betsy attempted to go. He presented his gun, with the bayonet fix'd. This was an additional fright.

Back we turn'd ; and, very fortunately, the officer, Capt. Emeson [Emerson]<sup>1</sup>, seeing our distress, came to us. I ask'd him if he had any objection to our passing the sentry. "None at all, ma'am." He waited upon us, and reprimanded the man, and we, without any farther difficulty, came home.

*Third Day, June 2d, 1778.*

I was standing at the back window. An officer and private of dragoons rode by. I tore to the door to have a better view of them. They stopped. The officer rode up, and ask'd for Jesse, who was call'd.

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<sup>1</sup> AMOS EMERSON, of Chester, New Hampshire, was married in 1762 to Susanna, daughter of Captain Abel Morse. He served as First-Lieutenant of the Third New Hampshire from May 23d to

*Amos Emerson Capt.*

December, 1775 ; First-Lieutenant, Second Continental Infantry, January 1, 1776. He was made Captain of the First New Hampshire, November, 1776, and retired from the service January 1, 1781. He died in Candia in 1823, having had seven children born between 1764 and 1778.—Heitman ; Chase, "History of Chester, N. H." ; N. H. Revolutionary Rolls.

*Third-day Afternoon, 4 o'clock.*

Oh, Deborah; what capital adventures. Jesse came. The idea of having light horse quarter'd at the farm was disagreeable; the meadows just fit to mow, and we had heard what destruction awaited their footsteps.

This was the dialogue between Jesse and the officer:

“Pray, sir, can I have quarters for a few horsemen?”

“How many.”

“Five and twenty, sir. I do not mean to turn them into your meadows. If you have any place you can spare, anything will do.”

And he dismounted, and walk'd into aunt's parlour. I, determined to find out his character, follow'd.

“I have,” reply'd Jesse, “a tolerable field, that perhaps may suit.”

“That will do, sir. But if you have any objection to putting them in a field, my men shall cut the grass, and bring it in the road. I am under the necessity of

quartering them here, but I was order'd. I am only an inferior officer."

Some elegant corporal, thought I, and went to the door. He soon join'd me, speaking to his man, "Ride off, and tell Mr. Watts we rendezvous here."

He inquir'd the name of the farmer, and went into aunt's; I into the back room. The troop rode up. "New scenes," said I, and mov'd upstairs, where I saw them perform their different manœuvres.

This Mr. Watts<sup>1</sup> is remarkably tall, and a good countenance. I adjourn'd to our

<sup>1</sup>JOHN WATTS, of Virginia, born about 1755, became Cornet of Virginia Dragoons, June 17, 1776; Lieutenant First Continental Dragoons, February 12, 1777; Captain, April 7, 1778. He was



wounded at Eutaw Springs, September 8, 1781. Was retained in Baylor's Regiment of Dragoons, No-

ember 9, 1782, and served to the close of the War. In 1799, in preparing for the anticipated war with France, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of Light Dragoons, U. S. Army, and was honorably discharged June 15, 1800. He died at his residence, Gravelly Hill, Bedford County, Virginia, June 8, 1830.—Bland MSS., Cong. Lib., Washington; *National Intelligencer*, June 22, 1830; Heitman.

parlour. This first officer march'd up and down the entry. Prissa came in.

“Good, now, Prissa. What’s the name of this man?”

“Dyer, I believe. Capt. Dyer.” Oh, the name!

“What does he say?”

“Why, that he will kiss me when he has din’d.” “Singular,” I observ’d, “on so short an acquaintance.”

“But,” resum’d Prissa, “he came and fix’d his arm on the chair I sat in:

“‘Pray, ma’am, is there not a family from town with you?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘What’s their name?’

“‘Wister.’

“‘There’s two fine girls there. I will go chat with them. Pray, did they leave their effects in Philad<sup>a</sup>?’

“‘Yes, everything, almost.’

“‘They shall have them again, that they shall.’”

There ended the conversation. But this ugly name teas’d me.

“ Oh, Sally, he is a Virginian ; that’s in his fav<sup>r</sup> greatly. I’m not sure that’s his name, but I understood so.”

Prissa left us. I step’d into aunt’s for Johnny and desir’d him to come home. Up started the Captain :

“ Pray, let me introduce you, ma’am.”

“ I am perfectly acquainted with him,” said I, and turned to the door.

“ Tell your sister I believe she is not fond of strangers.”

I smil’d, and returned to our parlour.

*Third Day Night, nine o’clock, aye ten, I fancy.*

Take a circumstantial account of this afternoon, and the person of this extraordinary man. His exterior first. His name is not Dyer, but Alexander Spotswood Dandridge,<sup>1</sup> which certainly gives a

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<sup>1</sup> ALEXANDER SPOTSWOOD DANDRIDGE, son of Captain Nathaniel Dandridge, of “Elsing Green,” Hanover County, Virginia, and

*Alexander Spots<sup>d</sup> Dandridge*

his wife, Dorothea Spotswood, daughter of Governor Alexander Spotswood, of Virginia, was born at “Elsing Green,” August 1,



in the road, I am under the necessity of quartering them here! but I was order'd  
 I am only an inferior officer, some elegant corporal thought I and went to thee  
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 them perform these different manoeuvres, this Mr Watts is remarkably tall and  
 a good countenance, I adjourn'd to our parlour. the just officer march'd up and  
 down the entry. Piers came in good noon Piers what the name of this man Dyer  
 I believe Capt. Dyer. oh the name. what does he say. why that he will kiss me  
 when he has bin, singular I observ'd on so short an acquaintance, but resum'd  
 Piers. he came and fix'd his arm. on the chair I ask pray ma'am is not there a  
 family from town with you? yes; what their name. Water, there's two fine girls  
 there, I will go chat with them, pray did they have these effects in Shaladee, yes every  
 thing almost they shall them have them again that they shall, there ended the  
 conversation — but this ugly name vex'd me. oh folly he is a Brigadier chat in  
 her face greatly. I am not sure that's his name. but I understood so. Piers left  
 as I step'd into aunts for Johnny, and desired him to come home. I stated the  
 affair pray let me introduce you ma'am? I am perfectly acquainted with him said I  
 and turn'd to the door. tell your sister I believe she is not, fond of strangers I smil'd  
 and return'd to our parlour. third Day <sup>night</sup> nine o'clock age ten I fancy. take  
 circumstantial accounts of this afternoon, and the person of this extraordinary man.  
 his exterior just, that his name is not Dyer but Alexander Spotswood  
 Dandridge, which certainly gives a genteel idea of the man. but I will  
 be particular, his person is more elegantly form'd, than any I ever saw  
 all grand commanding, his forehead very white tho' the lower part of his  
 face of much sunburn'd his features are extremely pleasing, his nose white set  
 teeth dark hair and eyes. I can't better describe him than by saying he is

### Captain Dandridge

Photographed from the original manuscript



genteel idea of the man. But I will be particular.

His person is more elegantly form'd than any I ever saw; tall and commanding. His forehead is very white, tho' the lower part of his face is much sunburn'd;

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1753. In 1775, probably through the interest of his brother-in-law, Patrick Henry, young Dandridge became associated with the Hendersons, Boones and others in the settlement of Kentucky, and was one of the eighteen men who met in legislative Assembly under a large elm tree near the walls of the fort at Boonesborough, May 23, 1775, to establish a government in the new country.

The news of the fight at Lexington, however, cut short the proceedings of the Legislature, and most of the members hastened to the defense of the Colonies. It is shown by family letters that for a time young Dandridge was attached to General Washington's staff, but this was apparently uncommissioned service, as his name does not appear in any staff-list; it is probable that he was only temporarily a member of the General's military family, as being a young cousin of Mrs. Washington.

He was made Lieutenant of the Fourth Virginia Dragoons, June 13, 1776; Captain of the Virginia Artillery Battalion, November 30, 1776; and Captain of the First Continental Dragoons, March 15th, 1777. He resigned from the Army April 14, 1780.

Towards the end of the War, so the story goes, Captain Dandridge was in Winchester for a short time, and one day, standing with a group of officers near the entrance of old Fort Loudoun, he saw riding towards them General Adam Stephen and a beautiful young girl in a red riding-dress. This was the General's

his features are extremely pleasing; an even, white set of teeth, dark hair and eyes. I can't better describe him than by saying he is the handsomest man I ever beheld. Betsy and Liddy coincide in this opinion.

After I had sat a while at home, in came Dandridge. He enter'd into chat immediately. Ask'd if we knew Tacy Vanderen.<sup>1</sup> Said he courted her, and

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daughter, Anne Stephen, who had ridden with her father from their home in Berkeley County, twenty miles away, to see the soldiers. The gallant young captain soon fell a victim to the fair Anne's charms, and their marriage was celebrated not long after. He then left Hanover County, and settled on a large plantation called the "Bower," in what is now Jefferson County, in the Valley of Virginia, about eight miles from Martinsburg. Here he died, in April, 1785 (buried in Martinsburg), leaving his young widow with an only child, a son, Adam Stephen Dandridge, but little over two years of age, to survive. The widow died in 1834 aged 76 years. The son inherited the "Bower," and it is still owned by descendants of the name.—Collins, *Hist. Ky.*, 337, 501; *Amer. Arch.*, III., 1594, VI., 1566; Heitman; data from Dandridge family.

<sup>1</sup>TACY VANDEREN was a daughter of John Vanderen and his wife Susanna, daughter of Jacob and Mary Holcomb, of Buckingham, Bucks County. John Vanderen was a Quaker miller, whose mill was located on the Wissahickon, near its junction with the Schuylkill, in Roxborough Township,



Lord grant me Wisdom to direct my ways  
I ask not Riches nor yet length of Days

Oh happiness our beings end and aim  
Good pleasure ease content what err thy name

Plant of celestial seed if drop below  
Say in what mortal soil thou deignst to grow

SARAH WISTER'S WORK 1779

Sally Wister's Sampler.

that they were to be married soon. Observ'd my sampler, which was in full view. Wish'd I would teach the Virginians some of my needle wisdom; they were the laziest girls in the world. Told his name. Laugh'd and talk'd incessantly.

At last, "May I" (to mamma) "introduce my brother officer?" We assented; so he call'd him.

"Mr. Watts, Mrs. Wister, young Miss Wisters. Mr. Watts, ladies, is one of our Virginia children."

Philadelphia County, near Germantown. In her father's will (U 103), dated July 21, 1785, probated May 7, 1788, she is mentioned as Tacy, "the Wife of Thomas Smith, Esquire."

At Abington Monthly Meeting, October 30, 1752, John Vanderen produced a certificate for himself and wife from Radnor Monthly Meeting, and doubtless took up his residence in Germantown. He joined Buckingham Monthly Meeting in 1745.

By deed of June 28, 1755, John Vanderin, miller, of Germantown, came into possession of Roxborough Mills, formerly called Wissahickon Mills, with eight acres of land attached, which he had purchased from the estate of Henry Shellenberg, at a vendue held May 5, 1755, for a consideration of £1115 (I 12, p. 418). In later documents he is styled miller, of Roxborough Township.

In his will he gives to his wife Susanna the use of the house, her choice of furniture, including "all my plate and Tea Urn," one good new single "Horse Chaise," "the upper half-part of

He sat down. Tea was order'd. Dandridge never drank tea. Watts had done; so we sat to the tea-table alone.

"Let's walk in the garden," said the Captain; we call'd Liddy, and went (not Watts). We sat down in a sort of a summer-house.

"Miss Sally, are you a Quaker?"

"Yes."

"Now, are you a Quaker?"

"Yes, I am."

"Then you are a Tory."

"I am not, indeed."

"Oh, dear," reply'd he, "I am a poor creature. I can hardly live."

Then, flying away from that subject,

"Will you marry me, Miss Sally?"

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the Flower Garden and the Front half-part of the Kitchen Garden or Garden over the way." She is to receive an income from "the Plantation whereon I now live and the Mill thereon erected." To his "Honored Mother M. Rorebach," he leaves £12 per annum. He mentions his six children, John, Charles, George, Joseph and Susanna Vanderin, and Tacy, wife of Thomas Smith.

The inventory of his estate includes "Sewell's History," "one lot of books, viz., Journals of Friends, etc.," "A map of America," and "an old Bible with needlework covering."



“No, really; a gentleman after he has said he has not sufficient to maintain himself, to ask me to marry him.”

“Never mind what I say, I have enough to make the pot boil.”

Had we been acquainted seven years, we could not have been more sociable. The moon gave a sadly pleasing light. We sat at the door till nine.

Dandridge is sensible (and divest'd of some freedoms, which might be call'd gallant in the fashionable world), he is polite and agreeable. His greatest fault is a propensity to swearing, which throws a shade over his accomplishments. I ask'd him why he did so. “It is a favorite vice, Miss Sally.” At nine he went to his chamber. Sets off at sunrise.

*Fourth Day Morn, 12 o'clock.*

I was awaken'd at four this morn with a great racket of the Captain's servant calling him; but the lazy fellow never rose till about half an hour before eight. This his daylight ride.

I imagin'd they would be gone before now, so I dressed in a green'h skirt and dark short gown. Provoking. So down I came, this Captain (wild wretch) standing at the back door. He bow'd and call'd me. I only look'd, and went to breakfast.

About nine I took my work and seated myself in the parlour. Not long had I sat, when in came Dandridge,—the handsomest man in existence, at least that I had ever seen.

But stop here, while I just say, the night before, chatting upon dress, he said he had no patience with those officers who, every morn, before they went on detachments, wou'd wait to be dress'd and powder'd.

“I am,” said I, “excessively fond of powder, and think it very becoming.”

“Are you?” he reply'd. “I am very careless, as often wearing my cap thus” (turning the back part before) “as any way.”

I left off where he came in. He was

powder'd very white, a (pretty colour'd) brown coat, lapell'd with green, and white waistcoat, &c., and his

“Sword beside him negligently hung.”

He made a truly elegant figure.

“Good morning, Miss Sally. You are very well, I hope.”

“Very well. Pray sit down,” which he did, close by me. “Oh, dear,” said I, “I see thee is powder'd.”

“Yes, ma'am. I have dress'd myself off for you.”

Will I be excused, Debby, if I look upon his being powder'd in the light of a compliment to me? “Yes, Sally, as thee is a country maid, and don't often meet with compliments.” Saucy Debby Norris!

'Tis impossible to write a regular account of our conversation. Be it sufficient to say that we had a multiplicity of chat.

About an hour since, sister Hannah<sup>1</sup> came to me and said Captain Dandridge

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<sup>1</sup> HANNAH WISTER, born November 19, 1767, died unmarried about 1827.

was in the parlour, and had ask'd for me. I went in. He met me, caught my hands. "Oh, Miss Sally, I have a beautiful sweetheart for you."

"Poh! ridiculous! Loose my hands."

"Well, but don't be so cross."

"Who is he!"

"Major Clough."

"I have seen him. Ain't he pretty, to be sure?"

"I am going to headquarters. Have you any commands there?"

"None at all; but (recollecting), yes, I have. Pray, who is your commanding officer?"

"Col. Bland, ma'am."

"Please give my compliments to him, and I shou'd be glad if he wou'd send thee back with a little more manners."

He reply'd wickedly, and told me I had a little spiteful heart. But he was intolerably saucy; said he never met with such ladies.

"Not to let me kiss you. You're very ill-natur'd, Miss Sally."

And, putting on the sauciest, sober face,  
“Sally, if Tacy V-nd-r-n won't have me,  
will you?”

“No, really; none of her discarded  
lovers.”

“But, provided I prefer you to her, will  
you consent?”

“No, I won't.”

“Very well, madam.”

And, after saying he would return  
to-morrow, among a hundred other  
things, he elegantly walk'd out of the  
room.

Soon he came back, took up a volume of  
Homer's Iliad, and read to us. He reads  
very well, and with judgment. One  
remark he made, that I will relate, on  
these lines,—

“While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,  
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes.”

“God knows our Army don't do so. I  
wish they did.”

He laugh'd, threw down the book, left  
his sword, and went away.

*Four o'clock, Afternoon.*

Major Clough,<sup>1</sup> Captain Swan,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Moore, a lieutenant of horse, din'd with Dandridge. The latter, after dinner, came in to bid us adieu. He sat down, and was rather saucy. I look'd very grave.

"Miss Betsy, you have a very ill-natur'd sister. Observe how cross she looks."

He prayed we might part friends, and offer'd his hand. I gave him mine, which he kiss'd in a very gallant manner; and so, with a truly affectionate leave, he

<sup>1</sup> ALEXANDER CLOUGH was made Adjutant of the First New Jersey Troop, November 20, 1775, and Major of the Third Continental Dragoons, January 8, 1777. He was killed at Tappan, September 28, 1778.

<sup>2</sup> JOHN SWAN, of Maryland, was made Captain of the Third Continental Dragoons, April 26th, 1777. He was taken prisoner at Tappan, Sep-

tember 28, 1778. October 21, 1780, he became Major of the First Continental Dragoons. November 9, 1782, he was retained in Baylor's Regiment of Dragoons, and served to the close of the war.—Heitman.



walk'd to the parlour door, "God Almighty bless you, ladies;" bow'd, went into the road, mounted a very fine horse, and rode away; leaving Watts and the troop here, to take care of us, as he said.

"Mr. Watts, Miss Sally, is a very worthy man; but, poor soul, he is so captivated with you,—the pain in his breast all owing to you,—he was caught by this beauty-spot," tapping my cheek. He could not have thought it was meant for an addition, as the size of it shew'd the contrary. But he is gone; and I think, as I have escap'd thus far safe, I am quite a heroine, and need not be fearful of any of the lords of the creation for the future.

*Six o'clock, Even<sup>g</sup>.*

Watts drank tea with us. A conversable man. Says that the Dandrighes are one of the genteelest families in Virginia,—relations of General Washington's wife. He appeared very fond of the Captain,

who has had a liberal education. Very sensible and brave.

I sat in the entry all last evening, as did Betsy. But first, let me say, Fifth-day morn we chatted on a variety of subjects; and amongst others, he mentioned the cruelty of the Britons, which, I agreed, was very great. He said he wou'd retaliate whenever he had an opportunity.

I strenuously oppos'd such a procedure, observing that it would be erring in the same way, and tho' they might deserve it, yet it wou'd be much nobler to treat them with lenity. Remember those lines of Pope,—

“That mercy I to others shew,  
That mercy shew to me.”

“I perfectly remember them. Your sentiments are noble; but we must retaliate sometimes.”

A horseman deliver'd this message: “Let the troop lie on their arms, and be ready to march at a moment's warning.”

He immediately gave those orders to the serjeant. Every soldier was in



motion. I was a good deal frighten'd, and ask'd Watts the reason. He fancy'd the British were in motion, tho' he had not receiv'd such intelligence.

“What will thee do if they come here?”

“Defend the house as long as I can, ma'am.”

I was shock'd. “Bless my heart; what *will* become of us?”

“You may be very safe. The house is an excellent house to defend; only do you be still. If the British vanquish us, down on your knees, and cry, ‘Bless the king.’ If we conquer them, why, you know you are safe.”

This added to my fright. I called my dear mamma, who was much indispos'd. Dadda was gone to Lancaster. Mamma ask'd him the same questions, and he gave her the same answers. I was in a fearful taking, and said that if I thought such a thing wou'd happen, I wou'd set off, tho' nine o'clock, and walk to Uncle Foulke's.

“No, don’t go to-night, Miss Sally. I will take you there to-morrow. Don’t be uneasy. This is nothing. I often go to bed with my boots on upon some alarms.”

“But will thee take off thy boots to-night?”

“Yes, I will, indeed.”

“Is thee really in earnest about defending the house?”

“No, madam; for believe me, if I hear the enemy is in motion, depend upon it, I will immediately depart, bag and baggage.”

This dispell’d my fears, and after wishes for a good night, he retir’d to his chamber. Imagine my consternation when our girl came running in, and said the lane was filled with light horse. I flew to the side door. It was true.

My joy was great when I heard Major Clough ask if this was Capt. Dandridge’s quarters. I answered in the affirmative. He rode round to the other door. Watts, tho’ gone to bed, was call’d. He chatted apart to the Major a while, then went off

towards Skippack road, follow'd by a large party of horse and waggons.

My fears were all renew'd ; and, as if we were to be in perpetual alarms, by came another party, much larger than the other, in dark clothes. These we all thought were British. They halted. All as still as death. The officer rode up to the door.

“ Does Mr. Foulke live here ? ”

“ Yes,” said somebody.

“ Is there not a family from town here, — Mr. Wister's ? ”

I recollected the voice, and said, “ Captain Stoddard, I presume ? ”

“ Yes, madam. Are you Mr. Wister's wife ? ”

“ No, his daughter.”

“ Is your papa at home ? ”

“ No,” I reply'd, but invited him in to see mamma.

He agreed ; dismounted, as did many other officers ; but he alone came into our parlour. Watts follow'd, to bid us adieu. They sat a few minutes ; told us that two

of their men had deserted, and when that was the case, they generally mov'd their quarters. Watts told him how I was frightened. He said I paid but a poor compliment to their cavalry. I only smil'd. The alarm had partly deprived me of the power of speech.

They sat about fifteen minutes, then rose, and after the politest adieus, departed. All the horse follow'd—about one hundred and fifty. I never saw more regularity observ'd, or so undisturb'd a silence kept up when so large a number of people were together. Not a voice was heard, except that of the officer who gave the word of command.

The moon at intervals broke thro' the heavy black clouds. No noise was perceiv'd, save that which the horses made as they trotted o'er the wooden bridge across the race. Echo a while gave us back the sound. At last nothing was left but the remembrance of them. The family all retir'd to their respective chambers, and enjoyed a calm repose.

This Captain Stoddard<sup>1</sup> is from New England, and belongs to Col. Sheldon's regiment of dragoons. He made an acquaintance with my father at German-town, whilst our Army was at that place, and had been here once before. He is clever and gentlemanly.

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<sup>1</sup>JOSIAH STODDARD was born in Salisbury, Conn., December 2, 1747; was son of Josiah (died 1764) and Sarah Stoddard. On August 22, 1774, he was a member of the Salisbury Town Committee of Correspondence. He was one of the party that went from Connecticut to effect the capture of Fort Ticonderoga, serving from May 1 to June 8th, 1775, at Ticonderoga and Crown Point. This company joined others, and put themselves under the command of Col. Ethan Allen, but (as Allen says) the attempt was made under the authority of the General Assembly of Connecticut, and the plan of the enterprise was due to a party of sixteen, of whom Stoddard was one. His conduct on the expedition was in some way questioned by another member of the party, William Nichols, of Hartford, and the matter caused the passing of an act against duelling, in May, 1779. Appointed Second-Lieutenant in Captain Josiah Starr's Company in May, 1776; but appears to have served at some time during that year as First-Lieutenant in Captain Simeon Smith's Company, Colonel Philip Burr Bradley's regiment of Connecticut State troops. Appointed Captain of a company in Colonel Elisha Sheldon's regiment of Light Dragoons, December 31st, 1776. Was sick with fever at Boston in August, 1779. Died August 24th, 1779. —Albert C. Bates, Librarian of Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford.

*Fifth Day, June 4th, 2 o'clock.*

Oh, gracious! how warm is this day. But, warm as it is, I must make a slight alteration in my dress. I do not make an elegant figure, tho' I do not expect to see the face of a stranger to-day.

*Sixth Day, June 5th, Morn, 11 o'clock.*

Last night we were a little alarm'd. I was awaken'd about 12 o'clock with somebody's opening the chamber door. I observ'd Cousin Prissa talking to Mamma. I asked what was the matter.

“Only a party of light horse.”

“Are they Americans?” I quickly said.

She answer'd in the affirmative (which dispell'd my fears), and told me Major Jameson commanded, and that Capts. Call and Nixon<sup>1</sup> were with him. With this

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<sup>1</sup> ANDREW  
NIXON, of Vir-  
ginia, was made  
Adjutant of

*Andrew Nixon*

Bland's First Regiment of Virginia Light Dragoons, March 31, 1777. (Bland MSS., Cong. Lib.) Later he was raised to the

intelligence she left us, and I revolved in my mind whether or not Jameson would renew his acquaintance; but Morpheus buried all my ideas, and this morn I rose by or near seven, dress'd in my light chintz, which is made gown-fashion, kenting handkerchief, and linen apron.

“Sufficiently smart for a country girl, Sally.”

Don't call me a country girl, Debby Norris. Please to observe that I pride myself upon being a Philadelphian, and that a residence of 20 months has not at all diminished the love I have for that dear place; and as soon as one very capital alteration takes place (which is very much talk'd of at present), I expect to return to it with a double pleasure.

Dress'd as above, down I came, and went down to our kitchen, which is a small distance from the house. As I came back I saw Jameson at the window. He met me in the entry, bow'd: — “How

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rank of Captain (Journal Va. House of Delegates, Richmond, 1833, Doc. No. 30).

do you do, Miss Sally?" After the compliments usual on such occasions had passed, I invited him into our parlour. He follow'd me in. We chatted very sociably.

I inquir'd for Polly Fishbourn. He said he had seen her last First-day; that she was well. Her mamma<sup>1</sup> had gone to Lancaster, to visit her daughter Wharton, who, as I suppose you have heard, has lost her husband.

I ask'd him whether Dandridge was on this side the Delaware. He said "Yes." I wanted sadly to hear his opinion, but he said not a word.

The conversation turn'd upon the British leaving Philad<sup>a</sup>. He firmly believ'd they were going. I sincerely wish'd it might be true, but was afraid to flatter myself. I had heard it so often that I was quite faithless, and express'd my approbation of Pope's 12th beatitude, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for

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<sup>1</sup> This was Mary Fishbourne. Her son-in-law, Thomas Wharton, President of the Supreme Executive Council, died May 22, 1778, at Lancaster, which was then the seat of the Pennsylvania government.—See footnote, page 140.



they shall not be disappointed." He smil'd, and assur'd me they were going away.

He was summon'd to breakfast. I ask'd him to stay with us. He declin'd the invitation with politeness, adding that he was in a hurry,—oblig'd to go to Camp as soon as he could. He bow'd, "Your servant, ladies," and withdrew immediately. After breakfast they set off for Valley Forge, where Gen'l Washington's army still are.

I am more pleas'd with Major Jameson than I was at first. He is sensible and agreeable,—a manly person, and a very good countenance. We girls differ about him. Prissa and I admire him, whilst Liddy and Betsy will not allow him a spark of beauty. Aunt's family are charm'd with his behaviour,—so polite, so unassuming. When he disturb'd them last night, he made a hundred apologies,—was so sorry to call them up,—'twas real necessity oblig'd him.

I can't help remarking the contrast between him and Dandridge. The

former appears to be rather grave than gay,—no vain, assuming airs. The latter calls for the genius of a Hogarth to characterize him. He is possess'd of a good understanding, a very liberal education, gay and volatile to excess. He is an Indian, a gentleman, grave and sad in the same hour.

But what signifies? I can't give thee a true idea of him; but he assumes at pleasure a behaviour the most courtly, the most elegant of anything I ever saw. He is very entertaining company, and very vain of his personal beauties; yet nevertheless his character is exceptional.

*Sixth Day, Noon and Even\*.*

Nothing mat'rial occur'd.

*Seventh Day Night.*

A dull morn. In the afternoon, Liddy, Betsy, R. H. and self went to one of our neighbours to eat strawberries. Got a few. Return'd home; drank tea. No beaus. Adieu.

*First Day, Even'g.*

High-ho! Debby, there's no little meaning in that exclamation, ain't there. To me it conveys much. I have been looking what the dictionary says. It denotes uneasiness of mind. I don't know that my mind is particularly uneasy just now.

The occurrences of the day come now. I left my chamber between eight and nine, breakfasted, went up to dress, put on a new purple and white striped Persian, white petticoat, muslin apron, gauze cap, and handkerchief. Thus array'd, Miss Norris, I ask your opinion. Thy partiality to thy friend will bid thee say I made a tolerable appearance. Not so, my dear. I was this identical Sally Wister, with all her whims and follies; and they have gain'd so great an ascendancy over my prudence, that I fear it will be a hard matter to divest myself of them. But I will hope for a reformation.

Cousin Hannah Miles came about nine, and spent the day with us. After we had

din'd, two dragoons rode up to the door; one a waiting-man of Dandridge's, the faithful Jonathan. They are quarter'd a few miles from us.

The junior sisters (Liddy and Betsy), join'd by me, ventur'd to send our compliments to the Captain and Watts. Prissa insists that it is vastly indelicate, and that she has done with us. Hey day! What prudish notions are those, Priscilla! I banish prudery. Suppose we had sent our love to him, where had been the impropriety? for really he had a person that was love-inspiring, tho' I escap'd, and may say, *Io triumphe*. I answer not for the other girls, but am apt to conclude that Cupid shot his arrows, and may be they had effect.

A fine evening this. If wishes cou'd avail, I wou'd be in your garden with S. Jones, P. Fishbourn, and thyself. Thee has no objection to some of our North Wales swains,—not the beaux inhabitants of N—W—, but some of the transitory ones. But cruel reverse. In-

stead of having my wishes accomplish'd I must confine myself to the narrow limits of this farm.

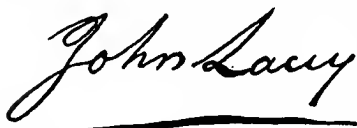
Liddy calls: "Sally, will thee walk?" "Yes." Perhaps a walk will give a new turn to my ideas, and present something new to my vacant imagination.

*Second Day, Third Day, Fourth Day.*

No new occurrences to relate. Almost adventureless, except Gen'l Lacy's<sup>1</sup> riding

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<sup>1</sup> JOHN LACEY, as he states in his autobiography (*Pa. Mag.*, XXV., XXVI.), was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, February 4, 1755, a son of John and Jane (Chapman) Lacey.



When the Revolution opened he recruited a company, and on January 6, 1776, was made a Captain in Anthony

Wayne's regiment, and served in the expedition against Canada. In 1777 he was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel of militia, and had many skirmishes with the British around Whitemarsh. He was made a Brigadier-General of militia on January 9, 1778, and continued in active service about the city during the British occupation of Philadelphia. In 1778 he was chosen a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and from 1779 until 1781 he served in the Council. In August, 1780, he took the field with a brigade of militia, and was active in all the movements and battles of

by, and his fierce horse disdaining to go without shewing his airs, in expectation of drawing the attention of the Mill girls, in order to glad his master's eyes. Ha! ha! ha! One would have imagin'd that vanity had been buried amidst the shades of N. Wales.

Lacy is tolerable; but as ill luck wou'd order it, I had been busy, and my auburn ringlets were much dishevell'd; therefore I did not glad his eyes, and cannot set down in the list of honours receiv'd that of a bow from Brigadier-Gen'l Lacy.

*Fifth Day Night, June 18th.*

Rose at half-past four this morning. Iron'd industriously till one o'clock, din'd, went up stairs, threw myself on the bed, and fell asleep. About four sister Hannah waked me, and said uncle and Foulke were down stairs; so I decorated myself,

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Washington's Army until October, 1781. After the Revolution, he settled in New Mills, New Jersey, where he became an iron manufacturer. He served on the bench, and in the New Jersey Legislature. His death occurred at New Mills, February 17, 1814.

and went down. Felt quite lackadaisical. However, I jump'd about a little, and the stupid fit went off.

We have had strange reports about the British being about leaving Philad<sup>a</sup>. I can't believe it. Adieu.

*Sixth Day Morn, June 19th.*

We have heard an astonishing piece of news!—that the English have entirely left the city! It is almost impossible! Stay, I shall hear further.

*Sixth Day Eve.*

A light horseman has just confirm'd the above intelligence! This is *charmante!* They decamp'd yesterday. He (the horseman) was in Philad<sup>a</sup>. It is true. They have gone. Past a doubt. I can't help forbear exclaiming to the girls,—

“Now are you sure the news is true? Now are you sure they have gone?”

“Yes, yes, yes!” they all cry, “and may they never, never return.”

Dr. Gould came here to-night. Our army are about six miles off, on their march to the Jerseys.

*Seventh Day Morn.*

O. F.<sup>1</sup> arrived just now, and relateth as *followeth*:—The Army began their march at six this morn by their house. Our worthy Gen'l Smallwood breakfasted at Uncle Caleb's.<sup>2</sup> He ask'd how Mr. & Mrs. Wister and the young ladies were, and sent his respects to us.

Our brave, our heroic General Washington was escorted by fifty of the Life Guard, with drawn swords. Each day he acquires an addition to his goodness.

We have been very anxious to hear how the inhabitants have far'd. I understand that Gen'l Arnold,<sup>3</sup> who bears a good

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<sup>1</sup> Owen Foulke, son of Caleb.

<sup>2</sup> The Meredith house, on the Swedes' Ford road.

<sup>3</sup> "Since my writing the above, Gen. Arnold has forfeited all right to a good character by the shameful desertion of his country's cause, joining the British, accepting a commission, and plundering and distressing the Americans."—[Footnote by Sally Wister on the original manuscript.]



Whing piece of news, that the English have intirely <sup>partly</sup> let the city it is almost  
 impossible stay & shall hear <sup>partly</sup> ~~more~~ saturday eve a light horseman has just  
 confirm'd the above intelligence, this is Charmonite they decamp'd yesterday  
 the (horseman) was in Philada, it is true they have gone past adalth  
 can't forbear exclaiming to the girls "now are you sure the news is true  
 now are you sure they have gone. yes yes yes they all cry and may they never  
 more return, De Gould came here toough our army are about six miles  
 off on their march to the Jersey saturday morn I F. arriv'd just now and  
 related as followeth the Army began their march abov this morn by their  
 howe our worthy Gentl Smallwood breakfasted at uncle Gabels he ask'd how Mrs  
 Mrs Wister and the young ladies were and sent his respects to us. our brave our heroic  
 General Washington was escorted by fifty of the Lifeguard with drawn swords  
 each day he acquires an addition to his goodness, we have been very anxious  
 to hear how the inhabitants have fard, I understand that Gen ~~et~~ who  
 bears a good character has the command of the city and that the soldiers conduct  
 ed with great decorum, Smallwood says they had the strictest orders to behave  
 well, and I dare say they obey'd the order. I now think of nothing but  
 returning to Philadelphia, So shall now conclude this journal with humbly  
 hoping that the great disposer of events who has graciously well safed this  
 to protect us to this day through many dangers will still be pleas'd to continue  
 his protection, Sally Wister.

Northwales June 20<sup>th</sup> 1778

\* I dare say nothing Gen Arnold has forfeit all right to a good character by  
 the shameful direction of his army: <sup>joining the British accepting a commission</sup>  
<sup>and plundering and of trifling the Americans</sup>

The End

Photographed from the original manuscript



character, has the command of the city, and the soldiers conducted with great decorum. Smallwood says that they had the strictest orders to behave well; and I dare say they obey'd the order. I now think of nothing but returning to Philadelphia.

So shall now conclude this journal with humbly hoping that the Great Disposer of events, who has graciously vouchsaf'd to protect us to this day through many dangers, will still be pleas'd to continue his protection.

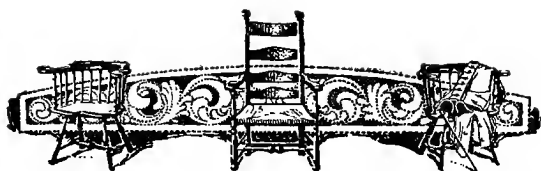
SALLY WISTER.

NORTH WALES, *June 20th, 1778.*



# APPENDIX





LETTERS TO SALLY WISTER  
FROM HER SCHOOL-GIRL FRIENDS

FROM DEBORAH NORRIS

I.

January 27, 1777

Endorsed : “ ffor

SALLY WISTER  $\frac{10R}{JUN}$

NORTH WALES ”

Here I am, my dear Sally, sitting all alone by a sparkling fire in my Chamber, with Pen, Ink, & this sheet of paper before me, intending to dedicate an hour in writing to thee. S. Jones never shewed me our letter till yesterday after our afternoon meeting I insisted on her accompanying me home. At first she refused But on a little pressing consented. We had a good deal of Chat about one thing or other. She says she's most dreadful lonesome without thee. I tell her she did not value thee enough when she had thy Company. But she will not allow of this

Does thee not, my dear, want to return to the City? I long with impatience to see thee. But alas! our Philadelphia is not as it used to be. You can scarce walk a square without seeing the shocking sight of a Cart with five or Six Coffins in it. Oh! it is too dreadful a scene to Attempt to describe. The poor Creatures die without number. Large pits are dug in the negroes burying ground,<sup>1</sup>—and forty or fifty coffins are put in the same hole<sup>2</sup> This is really true I do not exaggerate. Indeed, under these circumstances, I should think it is sin to do it. The well soldiers are Quartered on private families. This is a great hardship. We have, as yet, escaped, and I hope we shall.<sup>3</sup> But I will drop this mournful subject, though my mind is full of it.

Nancy & Polly Pleasants are gone home; but Molly intends to stay with her sister. Nancy went with great reluctance she had made many agreeable Acquaintances in town and I do not wonder that she was unwilling to leave them. She spent an afternoon with me before she left town. J. Miffin came in

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<sup>1</sup> Located in what is now Washington Square.

<sup>2</sup> She evidently refers to the burial of soldiers who died in Pennsylvania Hospital and other places in the city from the effects of the recent campaign in New Jersey.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth Drinker, another Quaker journalist of Philadelphia, was less fortunate; she notes in her Journal, page 43, under date of January 25, 1777: "We had 5 American soldiers quartered upon us, by order ye Council of Safety."



before we drank tea ; he was acquainted with a Cousin of hers in Mary Land and I fancy with her, for they were very Sociable he asked her when she returned home. She sighed, and said, “very soon,” she said it was almost like being buried alive.

He answered in a line of Pope’s,

“ To harmless plain-work, & to croaking rooks.”

He forgot the rest, so I helped him out with —

“ Old-fashioned Hall, dull Aunts, & goodly books.”

She smiled, and something else that I don’t remember changed the discourse. Sally Burge<sup>1</sup> has asked me to come and see her

I would go if S. J. would go with me, But she has refused, she says S B has never returned her visit. She was with me one day when S. B. asked me when I intended to come, and turning to S. Jones, said very formally, “ Will you come Sally Jones ? ” I shall be glad to see you, Sall told her she had never tho’t it worth while to return her visit. “ It was no visit,” she said. S. J. insisted that it was and so the affair stands between them ;

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<sup>1</sup> SARAH COATES BURGE, daughter of Samuel and Beulah (Shoemaker) Burge, was born November 13, 1761, and died September 14, 1824. She was married November 13, 1783, to William Rawle, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, only son of Francis Rawle, by his wife Rebecca Warner, and brother of Anna and Margaret Rawle. He was born April 28, 1759, and died April 12, 1836. — Keith, “ Councillors,” 255-257.

They tell me Peggy<sup>1</sup> is vastly improved since she wore a roller. I have had but a glance, from which I could form no Judgment. But I do not think Sally is much improved by the Alteration.

Accept of my Sincere Congratulations on the recovery of thy dear Brother & sister. I was very uneasy until I heard Johnny was out of danger. I hope the dear little fellow will not be marked. They have, indeed, been favored, and I hope Divine Providence, that has brought them thus far out of a dangerous disease, may still continue to protect them, and every one of you. I have Scrawl'd thee a long letter my dear but I cannot Conclude it without telling thee that last time we heard from my dear Cousin P Dickinson she and her little Sally were well. I hope to see her sometime in next month; she is very dear to me, and what lays near our hearts we cannot help communicating to those we love.

The inclosed little excursion I desire thee not to show to anybody; it was the product of a leisure moment, and has never been corrected.

<sup>1</sup> PEGGY OR MARGARET RAWLE, daughter of Francis and Rebecca (Warner) Rawle, was born in Phila-

delphia in 1760, and died there August 25, 1831. She was married there November 14, 1786, to Isaac Wharton, of Philadelphia and "Woodford," merchant. He died March 31, 1808. —Glenn's "Some Colonial Mansions."





Mrs. Isaac Wharton  
"Peggy Rawle"



Mammy asked me if I was a going to write to thee. Upon my answering in the affirmative she desired me to give her kind love, in which I heartily Join her, to Friend Foulke, thy good Mammy, Priscilla & Liddy, Betsy Wister, and to thee my dear Sally I have not heard a word from P Fishbourn ; if thee writes give my affectionate remembrance to her

I shall never forget you Remember me, and write Soon, my dear girl, if thee is not affraid of receiving another long tedious scrawl from thy affectionate and faithful friend,

D. NORRIS.

Began to write at 11 finished by twelve, on Second-day morning 27th of January, 1777.

## FROM DEBORAH NORRIS

## II.

[No date, but evidently written in 1778 shortly before the Wisters returned to Philadelphia.]

How pleasing was my dear Sally's letter to me, Believe me, if I was to forfeit the least grain of thy friendship I should be most unhappy — Continue, my dear Girl, to love one who's greatest Felicity it is to be beloved, for what balm has this life to give us, but the Sweet cement of Souls? May this Strengthen and increase amongst us, for it breathes and tastes of heaven. I shall write with freedom. The Event that has lately taken place astonishes me the more, as I reflect the more on it. I had heard of it some weeks before it happened, but I was incredulous untill I was told by the Captain who livd with us that it was actually to be; I could no longer doubt, but, Oh Sally, all that has occurred Since, thee shall not be unacquainted with.

I intreat thee, by our friendship, not to enter on any Political disquisitions with us; it is not our province, and will only serve to create disagreeable sensations.

I long to see thee, to embrace thee, and to assure thee of my love. Tell me in answer to this, that it

will be but a short space of time before I shall enjoy this pleasure.

I am going to prepare thee for a sight of me, by telling thee that I am a tall, brown Girl. Two months ago, thee w<sup>a</sup> have seen me in the best height of my plumpness. Now I am rather thinner, though not more delicate.

Thy comparing our friend Sally to a garden, is inimitable. She is really what thee describes her to be — naturally amiable, and possessed of much goodness of heart. Comparing her foibles to a few delicate weeds, is what I cannot sufficiently admire, because it is my own Idea, that I knew not how to clothe, dressed by thee in the most refined expressions. And then, my dear Girl, I have seen weeds so delicate that they might be taken for more valuable plants by unskillful people. I believe the Gardner upon proper application, w<sup>a</sup> either remove them, or so cultivate them that they sh<sup>d</sup> become flowers. It is very true, we are none without our faults. Indeed merely to own this is nothing, but to endeavour to amend them in ourselves and others is truly noble.

She, Sally, I mean, has not seen thy letter to me yet, So I dont know what she will say though I must do her the justice to acknowledge that she had heard previous to what she said to O F<sup>1</sup> and Prissa<sup>2</sup> that thee

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<sup>1</sup> Owen Foulke.

<sup>2</sup> Priscilla Foulke.

h<sup>d</sup> said, “If it had happened that thee had come to town whilst the British Army were here, thee would have taken no notice of any of them; even had they been of her Acquaintance.” Now had thee have come, and behaved thyself in this manner, thee would not have answered the amiable character I had given thee, but I am sure thee could not have said this or thee would Err, as thee says, in the same way as thee blamed others for.

There is a Certain person talks a great deal about thee, merely because he hears us talk, for he has never seen thee. He told me the other day he hoped I would soon have the pleasure of seeing my friend Sally Wister; I told him I expected I soon sh<sup>d</sup> have that happiness. Now does thee not want to know who it is? Why, it is C. L—— does thee not remember what thee wrote to me last winter; thee could not I am sure have believed such a tale

We have an anecdote to tell thee when we meet, indeed we have a thousand. Our tête-a-tête, I fancy, will be very interesting. I have no idea but that thee wishes to see us as ardently as we do to see thee. Do contrive to shorten the 10 days

We have been much engaged in cleaning the house for we expect Cousin P. Dickinson<sup>1</sup> up every day —

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<sup>1</sup> POLLY OF MARY DICKINSON, wife of the celebrated John Dickinson of the Revolution. She was born July 17, 1740, a daughter of Isaac and Sarah (Logan) Norris, and a granddaughter of James Logan.—Keith, “Councillors.”



tis a work I like when it is over. Polly Fishburn called here 2 days since. She looked well and hearty.

I think thy sister is much improved. She is a fine, genteel Girl ; not quite so tall as my Ladyship. We make Sally Jones appear diminutive ; not in her own eyes, however. I have a very bad cold thee will not think I am in very bad spirits by the writing or rather Style of this letter but they have been depressed, and very low ; the thought of seeing thee soon has been delicious to me.

I have this instant heard that there is an Engagement in the Jerseys. When this is the case, we think of all whom we know.

My Mammy presents her affectionate love to you, as does her good-for-nothing daughter.

Adieu, my dear, till we meet, which I earnestly wish may be shortly ; until then a tender adieu thy

ARDELIA OR

D. NORRIS

*Sixth Day Noon.*

I shall give thy love to Molly Pleasants, who is a dear Girl, and I return thee hers for I know she loves thee. Adieu, my dear Creature, Ease us of our anxiety and come soon, next week, we shall positively expect thee.

## FROM DEBORAH NORRIS

## III.

February 27, 1779.

Endorsed : “ Sally Wister.”

I wish I could send my amiable friend as delightful a letter as she has favored me with ; it was just such as I love, and made me exclaim as thee once did, “ Sure our Souls are congenial ” The long acquaintance that I have had with you, makes you inexpressibly dear to me. I shall never cultivate any new friendship comparable with that heartfelt one I entertain for you — it is no common attachment, but a harmony, a cement of soul that binds our union. We were early acquainted.

I sometimes take a retrospective view of the happy days of our childhood,<sup>1</sup> our school-day friendship, and always recall the idea with pleasure. The visionary Swains, my dear, are just such as my romantic fancy has often painted. But when will they make their appearance ? and what are their names ? are questions nobody can answer I desire my dear that I

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<sup>1</sup> The writer was now in her eighteenth year.

may be very early consulted, and be assured that thee shall, you shall have no cause to blame me for reserve, it is no part of my character with you I hope.

Our fair Virginian has not paid her female friends a compliment, I think — but the Doctor, The gay, the alert Doctor What a pity he does not try to get admitted into the Social circle. He would be an agreeable member, I think. We would undertake to cure him of his Superfluous exclamations.

Thy mischievous sister has set me all agig to know what he said about you. I declare, I would give a Continental dollar to know what it was ! and shall be uneasy whenever I think of it until my curiosity is gratified.

John Mifflin<sup>1</sup> has wrote me a letter just in the Same style as his conversation. He says that thee is a good Soul and he wishes all the ladies of his acquaintance were as good humored as thee and not misinterpret his rattling expression as to his sayings about me I can let them pass you need not have a better hand to spirit you up a little to mischief than himself. But he possesses good-nature with all his useful talent for raillery.

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<sup>1</sup> John Fishbourne Mifflin, son of John and Sarah (Fishbourne) Mifflin, was born April 21, 1759, was graduated from College of Philadelphia, in 1775, and practiced law in Philadelphia. He was married, June 18, 1788, to Clementina, daughter of John Ross, of Philadelphia. His death occurred May 13, 1818. — Keith, "Provincial Councillors," 363.

Peter Lloyd's<sup>1</sup> promotion has disappointed us of a visit this winter.

“’Tis an ill-wind that blows nobody no good.” The fracas between Deane,<sup>2</sup> Common sense,<sup>3</sup> and the committee, has let an office fall, but I am vexed that Peter and Joesy did not visit S Jones's first.

I am amazed that Miss Stocker is called a Beauty We have a chance for it now, I think

I am very glad to hear of Alexis' recovery. If I should be a Bridesmaid (which I much question) and he a Bridesman, we shall be very well acquainted, I suppose—but y<sup>e</sup> wedding will be insipid if you are not of the number of the guests.

If thee thinks of taking a trip to N Wales do defer it until my return, and we will try to have a Party. I am extremely obliged to Lavinia for her letters the prospect of her return to y<sup>e</sup> circle, is very agreeable to me — I will write to her.

<sup>1</sup> PETER ZACHARY LLOYD, son of Peter and Mercy (Masters) Lloyd, born August 23, 1750, became a Captain in Colonel Atlee's Pennsylvania Musket Battalion, March 15, 1776, and Brigade Major to General Ewing, August 11, 1776. For several years he was Clerk to the Pennsylvania Assembly. — Keith, “Councillors,” 22; “Pa. in Revolution,” I. 250; Heitman.

<sup>2</sup> Silas Deane.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Paine, who wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of “Common Sense.” This refers to his attack upon Silas Deane in the Philadelphia newspapers in 1778–1779. See Moncure D. Conway's “Writings of Thomas Paine,” Vol. I.

1779]

Sally Wister

201

I blush to send thee such a poor return for thy delightful favors. Do let the number of my correspondents plead some excuse for

Thine,

D. NORRIS.

27th feb<sup>y</sup> 1779.

## FROM PEGGY RAWLE

I.

July 28, [1776]

Endorsed :

“ To  
SALLY WISTER  
in  
Germantown ”

July 28

I Receiv'd your letter, my dear, by Sally Jones last evening and I hope you will acknowledge I have begun early to return it. Reading thy Description of your walk I almost fancied myself with you. The grove is a sweet Place ; I earnestly long for the Pleasure of walking to it with thee and our Amiable friend. I flatter myself it wont be long before I Partake that Pleasure with you. how agreeable is your Situation, and how much the reverse is mine. You out of the noise of the town in the coole, the silent shades, — an agreeable company very near, Sweet walks ; you enjoy these Charming Moonlight evenings. For my part I never was so lonesome in my life as I am now. I set at the door by myself, not a Creature to speak to. I know I shall have your Pity, which is one Comfort.

I have been looking over your letter and am really ashamed of this — Such a collection of Pens nobody ever was Pleged with ! but I ought not to blame the Pens, for the Spelling and wording, but my own stupid head that can Produce nothing Better. I am very warm, which is another excuse, stoved up in our little library with the door locked to keep my Troublesom little Brother out, but perhaps you think I deserve it for not being at meeting this afternoon. I was there in the morning and had not the least inclination to go again.

As to Polly Fishbourn and her letter, I give them up. She has not Proved herself a girl of her word ; how'er Give my love to her in your next and tell her I shall Remember her, tho she has forgot me. Do let me have another letter very soon

Adieu, my dear Sally,

PEGGY RAWLE

I forgot to tell you my Surprise at seeing you Cross Arch Street and never think it worth your wile to come so little away to see me. I thought it could not be you ; its very well, I should not have served you so. I should look on it as a very great favour if you would not show this to any Creature unless it was P F<sup>1</sup> not D N<sup>2</sup> for the world Once more I bid you Adieu

PEGGY RAWLE

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<sup>1</sup> Polly Fishbourne.

<sup>2</sup> Deborah Norris.

FROM PEGGY RAWLE

II.

September 7, 1776.

Endorsed : “ To  
SALLY WISTER  
in  
Germantown ”

September 7, 1776.

May the Pleasures of the town be equal to those of the Country, is the kind wish you close your letter with; but that cannot be to one who Prefers the Country so much to the town as I do. I almost envy every boddy that is agreeably situated in the Country, nor is it to be wondered at since I Past some of the most agreeable Parts of my Life at Laurel Hill. Nine or Ten Summers I Past there, the Remembrance of which is still dear to me, and makes me regret Passing them any were el's. You ask me in your Letter why I am so averse to your shewing my Letters to Debby Norris. You say she is not one of those girls who make illnature'd Remarks. No, my dear, I have not the least Reason to imagine she is, but I had rather



nobody should see them but yourself, but to D N, who writes so well herself, mine must appear silly.

S B<sup>1</sup> tells me you have at last heard from your friend. I am much Pleas'd to hear she intends for Town. I think it is a most time she has made a long visit. I want much to see her. I shall be Glad when we get together again, us Girls, I mean, for as to the boys I fancy we must Give them up willingly. I shall nor have I the most distant desire of being with them again. I think we Pass our time more agreeably without than with them.

I was at the door tother evening with Anny<sup>2</sup> when J P came up. I was amaz'd to see him, you may suppose. It was very dark. I should not have known him, but for the Peculiar cock of his hat, but you know my dear his whole appearance is very Singular. My Brother was out, so he did not stay many Minutes.

I wish you were coming to town. How much longer are you going to stay? S B tells me they are not coming this Month. Great disappointment to me

<sup>1</sup> Sally Burge.

<sup>2</sup> ANNA RAWLE, daughter of Francis and Rebecca (Warner) Rawle, was born in Philadelphia, October 30, 1757, and was married September 16, 1783, to John Clifford, of Philadelphia and "Clifford Farm," merchant. He died in October, 1821, and she died in July, 1828. Interesting diaries and letters that she and her sister Margaret wrote during the Revolution are still preserved.—Glenn's "Some Colonial Mansions."

as I expected them much sooner. Selfish Girl you say. So fond of the Country yourself yet so unwilling your friends should enjoy it. Cant be help'd, my dear, tis the too much the way of the world to prefer your own Pleasure to that of other People.

It is much the Practice to make excuses for Letters wether Necessary or not, that I will let it alone. Let this speak for itself tho there never was one required it more.

I thought when I sat down to write it I would try to do it well but am allways in a hurry to be done — no Patience — dont you see how strait its wrote. Do write very soon to your

Affectionate

PEGGY RAWLE.

## FROM POLLY FISHBOURNE

[Latter part of 1776 ?]

Endorsed :

“ SALLY WISTER

Philadelphia.”

On fourth day evening I received a large Packet of letters from my Friends in Phila<sup>d</sup>, but was much surpris'd at seeing none from my dear Sally and not even so much as send her love in Eliza's letter. I Could not account for it, but I judge kindly of thee for all thy seeming neglect. But on fifthday morn John Rutter waited on us and delivered thy kind letter. Thy spirits, my dear friend, appear to be very low. I think if thee Could put thy jaunt in execution to Northwales it would be of great service to thee, tho at this time it would not be proper.

Yes, my dear lovely friend, thy joys are mine and I do most sensibly participate, but the cheifest of thy joys, and the greatest source from which they spring, I am deprived of. But I must submit and not repine ; I find I have yet many ties to this world, — three of the best sisters and lov'd mother and many other kind and dear relatives and friends, that I find have a great hold on my affections. But some time ago, I thought

I Could willingly have resigned them all, but with my returning health and Ease of mind, I feel myself more attached to this world.

I often think, my dear Sally, of our Conversation the evening before I left town, in which thee told me, thee hoped I should return as much of a friend as I left thee. I assure thee I shall, my Sentiments is by no means altered, tho all my Companions are of a different Society ; there are but very few friends here, but I attend meetings on first days, and make use of the plain language ; and indeed some of my friends Calls me a preacher, but that I do not mind, fully satisfied I am in my duty.

Poor T. H-p-h-ll ! I sincerely feel for him ; yes, my dear, as a fellow Creature he Claims our sympathy. I think it a most Cruel part they act by not telling him his danger. They do not act, as friends that keep it from him. I wish he may, poor fellow, be favoured to see his danger, and be enabled to make his peace before hes Called hence, for I believe it to be an awful solemn change and how must they feel who are sliding insensibly into the grave without one thought of an hereafter.

We are this day invited to dine with Polly Rutter, but I Could not go without having a little chat with my dear Sally, adieu for the present.

Six day morn — I informed my dear Sally I was going to dine out, which accordingly did and spent a very agreeable day. The next day dind at sammy

pots where I made an acquaintance with one of the most agreeable and sensible young fellows, so polite and attentive his name must be the —— (?) which Nat<sup>h</sup>. He is engaged to be married to one of the hubberts, and I have no hopes of Conquering his heart ; and you are all out in your presentiments Concerning my geting an admirer.

How often do I wish for my dear Sally, to be with me. I feel so perfectly restored to my health that I shall soon want to come home. Present my best love to thy dear mother, friend Wister, and all the family,  
Believe me thine with true affection

POLLY FISHBOURNE

Potsgrove <sup>1</sup> second day morning

---

<sup>1</sup> Now Pottstown.

A JUST AND TRUE  
INVENTORY

of all and Singular the goods and Chattles  
Rights and Credits of the *Personal Estate*  
of *William Foulke late of Gwynedd Town-*  
*ship in the County of Philadelphia, Deceased.*  
Appraised the ninth day of the tenth  
month in the year of our Lord One  
Thousand Seven Hundred & Seventy  
five, by us whose names are Hereunto  
Subscribed

Cash and wearing aparrell . . . . .	55	11	3
1 Feather Bed, Furniture & Window Curtains . . . . .	18	0	
1 pair of Drawers & Dressing Table . .	4	10	
6 Rush Bottom Chairs . . . . .	1	4	
1 Looking Glass . . . . .	0	15	
1 Warming Pan . . . . .	0	10	
12 Napkins . . . . .	0	15	
3 Table Cloths . . . . .	1	10	
1 Table Cloth & Six Napkins (tow) . .	0	10	
1 Feather Bed Furniture & Window Curtains . . . . .	16	0	

1 Looking Glass . . . . .	3	5	
1 Oval Table . . . . .	1	5	
1 Tea Table . . . . .	0	15	
1 Couch and Bed . . . . .	1	10	
3 Arm, & Six Rush Bottom Chears . . .	1	19	
Sundry Pewter . . . . .	2	17	
1 Tea Kettle & Chafing Dish . . . . .	1	5	
Sundry Flatt Irons . . . . .	0	4	
1 pair Candlesticks . . . . .	0	5	
Sundry knives & forks . . . . .	0	7	6
Tea Spoons & Tongs . . . . .	1	10	
China & Delf wares . . . . .	1	14	
Glass wares . . . . .	0	9	
1 pair And Irons . . . . .	0	15	
1 Riding Chaise Harness & <sup>c</sup> . . . . .	10	0	
1 Spotted Cow . . . . .	4	10	
1 Black Mare . . . . .	6	0	
1 Family Bible & Sundry small Books . .	3	4	6
1 Feather Bed & Bed Cloaths . . . . .	9	0	
1 Small . . . ditto . . . . .	3	10	
1 Walnut Desk . . . . .	4	0	
4 Rush Bottom Chears . . . . .	0	12	
1 Small Looking Glass . . . . .	0	2	6
4 Table Cloths & 6 Napkins . . . . .	1	17	
1 Pair Flaxen Sheets . . . . .	0	15	
2 Pair Tow . . . ditto . . . . .	0	16	
1 pair Tow Sheets . . . . .	0	4	
3 pair Pillow Cases & 1 Bolster Case . .	0	7	
3 Pillow Cases & 1 Bolster Case . . . .	0	5	

3 Tow Sheets . . . . .	1	0	
2 Old Coverlids . . . . .	0	15	
1 Red & White d° . . . . .	0	7	6
1 Black and White d° . . . . .	0	7	6
1 Feather Bed, Bed Stead & Cloths . .	6	0	
1 Cart . . . . .	6	0	
1 Old Timber Wagon . . . . .	4	10	
1 Waggon . . . . .	9	0	
2 Plows & Swingle Trees . . . . .	1	18	
1 Harrow . . . . .	1	0	
1 Sleigh . . . . .	1	5	
Plank for Fellies . . . . .	0	10	
1 Winnowing Mill . . . . .	2	0	
1 Cuting Box . . . . .	0	12	
Wheat on the Straw . . . . .	50	0	
Rye on the Straw . . . . .	4	0	
Oats on the Straw . . . . .	3	15	
Indian Corn on the ground . . . . .	14	0	
All the Hay in the Barn . . . . .	40	0	
12 Cow Chains . . . . .	0	18	
Flax unbroke . . . . .	1	0	
Indian Corn in the Mill . . . . .	0	10	
1 Small writing Disk in d° . . . . .	0	3	9
Oak Plank . . . . .	0	7	6
Oak Boards . . . . .	1	2	6
Gum Boards . . . . .	0	9	
Flour Casks . . . . .	1	0	
3 Hogsheads . . . . .	1	2	
Cyder Vessells . . . . .	1	10	



Oak Boards . . . . .	0	12	
1 Weavers Loom & Gears . . . . .	3	0	
1 Six Plate Stove with Pipes . . . . .	3	10	
20 sheep . . . . .	8	0	
1 Black Horse . . . . .	8	0	
1 Black Mare . . . . .	10	0	
1 Spring Colt . . . . .	6	0	
1 Sorrell Mare . . . . .	14	0	
1 Small brown Mare & Colt . . . . .	10	0	
1 Stone Colt . . . . .	20	0	
8 Swine . . . . .	13	0	
7 Milch Cows . . . . .	28	0	
1 Beef . . . ditto . . . . .	3	15	
1 pair Working Oxen . . . . .	15	0	
2 Steers . . . . .	7	0	
1 Bullock . . . . .	7	10	
Horse Gears . . . . .	3	5	
Hough's, Shovells, Spade & Forks . . . . .	1	4	
2 Weeding Houghs & Spade . . . . .	0	3	
1 Mans Saddle & Bridle . . . . .	1	10	
1 . . . old . . . ditto . . . . .	0	12	
1 Bed & Bed Cloths . . . . .	4	10	
1 Trunk . . . . .	0	5	
1 Bed & Beding . . . . .	6	0	
9 Yards Tow Linen . . . . .	0	16	6
4½ Yards Hugabag . . . . .	0	9	
A Remnant of Tow Linen . . . . .	0	6	
5 Yards Shalloon . . . . .	0	15	
1 pair Low Drawers . . . . .	1	0	

1 Chest . . . . .	o 10	
5 Chairs . . . . .	o 12	6
1 Spinning wheel . . . . .	o 12	
1 Long wheel . . . . .	o 10	
1 Reel . . . . .	o 4	
3 pair old Cards . . . . .	o 3	
1 Hatchell . . . . .	o 7	6
Glass Bottles . . . . .	o 6	
3 Old Chairs . . . . .	o 6	
1 Clock & Case . . . . .	4 0	
1 Walnut Oval Table . . . . .	o 18	
1 Small . . . ditto . . . . .	o 2	6
6 Rush Bottom Chairs . . . . .	1 4	
1 Corner Cubbard . . . . .	o 10	
1 Chaf Bed & Beding . . . . .	1 10	
1 ditto . . . . .	1 10	
1 Old Chest . . . . .	o 2	6
Pewter in the Kitchen . . . . .	1 11	
1 Brass Kettle . . . . .	o 15	
1 Large Iron Pott . . . . .	o 15	
1 Old Pott, Kettle & Sauspan . . . . .	o 7	6
1 Iron Tea Kettle . . . . .	o 7	6
2 Old Frying pans . . . . .	o 4	
Cedar Vessells . . . . .	o 13	6
Dough Trough & Flour Cask . . . . .	o 3	6
Old Suttle & Table . . . . .	o 7	6
Knives & Forks . . . . .	o 5	
1 Old Tea Kettle, Lantern & 3 Candlestick	o 7	6
3 Flatt Irons . . . . .	o 5	

1 pair Saddle Bags . . . . .	0	5	
1 Iron Coffee Mill . . . . .	0	4	
1 Desk & Oval Table . . . . .	4	0	
Dog Irons Shovl Tongs &c . . . . .	1	2	
1 Small Iron Kettle & Hooks . . . . .	0	3	
Table Cloths & 2 Wallets . . . . .	0	10	
8 Bags . . . . .	0	15	
Maul Wedges & Old Axes . . . . .	0	14	
Old Bridles . . . . .	0	5	
1 pair Steel yards . . . . .	0	3	9
7 Kitchen Chairs . . . . .	0	7	
Earthen Ware . . . . .	0	5	
1 Sett of Thillers Gears . . . . .	0	7	6
Wool & Worsted . . . . .	3	5	
Sundry Books . . . . .	3	5	6
1 Silver Watch . . . . .	6	10	
1 Cross Cut Saw . . . . .	0	10	
Sundry Scythes & Sickles . . . . .	0	10	
1 Large Cedar Tub . . . . .	0	7	
14½ Bushells seed wheat . . . 4/6 . . .	4	5	
2 pair Gold Scales & weights . . . . .	0	5	
Sundry Pieces of Antient Coin . . . . .	0	19	6
3 Open end Casks 5/ Maple Boards 10/	0	15	
Malt 7/6 Flaxceed 20/ . . . . .	1	7	6
Sundry Book debts Outstanding . . . . .	120	17	2
Balance of the Legacy due from the Estate of John Jones . . . . .	146	6	4
A Bond . . . . .	100	0	
Interest due thereon . . . . .	8	4	

A Bond . . . . .	100	0
Interest due thereon . . . . .	2	4
A Bond . . . . .	34	0
Interest due thereon . . . . .	0	14 11
A Bond . . . . .	50	0
Interest due thereon . . . . .	1	5
	<hr/>	
	£1108	16 5

JOHN ROBERTS

JOHN EVANS

John Roberts and John Evans the above appraisers were affirmed to the foregoing Inventory & Valuation by them made Benj. A. Chew Reg<sup>s</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup>.

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